THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XC. — No. 1169

APRIL 28, 1926

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

EVERYTHING ABOUT EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

The BYSTANDER

THE FINEST LIQUEUR WITH THE COFFEE

COINTREAU

"Triple Sec"

Extra Dry for England— See neck label.

AT ALL LEADING RESTAURANTS, HOTELS AND STORES

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BOLLINGER'S

By Appointment to

H.M. KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

ESTABLISHED 1857.

Champagne

J. LEMOINE

CUVÉE ROYALE

ONE QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

VINEYARDS AND ESTABLISHMENTS:
RILLY-LA-MONTAGNE, REIMS.

ROYAL PIER HOTEL

Recently enlarged. Thoroughly up-to-date.
Every possible comfort. First-class cuisine.

'Phone: 2051 Portsmouth.
Miss Chedzey, Manageress.

SOUTHSEA

(BOOK TO PORTSMOUTH TOWN STATION)

ROOD & CO LTD

50 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.

DEALERS IN FINE JEWELS

52 & 53, Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, London.

Spécialité:
Second-hand Rings, Brooches and Pearl Necklaces.

Jewels purchased, valued, exchanged or remounted from artistic designs.

High-Class Cigarettes at a Moderate Price.

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

№ 555 VIRGINIA 25 *for* 2/-

Ardath Tobacco Co. Ltd., London.

She doesn't fear the dentist

Visit your dentist at least twice a year for a thorough mouth inspection. Don't put it off until forced to seek relief from pain. If you see him in time he need not hurt to keep your teeth and gums healthy, and may prevent serious illness.

Neglect Punishes 4 out of 5

Failure to take a few simple precautions lets Pyorrhœa, dread disease of the gums, become entrenched in the mouths of four out of five over forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

Start to-day to brush your teeth and gums night and morning with Forhan's For the Gums, if you would be one of the fortunate few who escape Pyorrhœa's ravages. Forhan's For the Gums strengthens the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It doesn't give this insidious disease a chance to steal upon you.

If you have tender, bleeding gums, go to your dentist immediately for treatment and use Forhan's For the Gums regularly. The chances are that your own dentist will recommend it. It has been used and recommended by dentists for the last 15 years when treating Pyorrhœa.

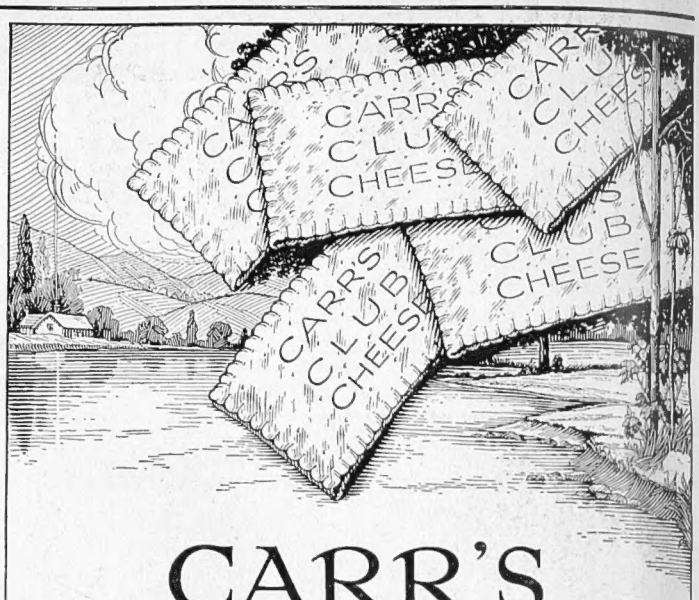
Besides safeguarding your health, Forhan's For the Gums is a pleasant tasting dentifrice that cleans the teeth thoroughly and forestalls decay.

Include Forhan's For the Gums in your daily hygiene for your health's sake. Pyorrhœa is no respecter of persons. Four out of five is its grim toll. At all chemists.

FREE *Liberal One Week Trial Tube sent free on request. Thos. Christy & Co. (Dept. 14), 4-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4*

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

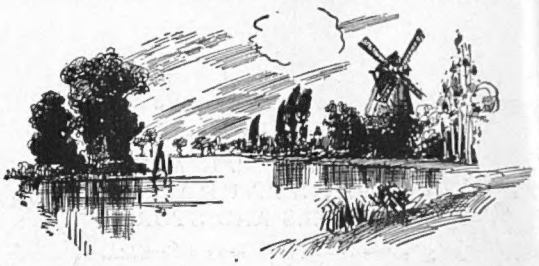
MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHŒA*



CARR'S CLUB CHEESE BISCUITS

Crisp dainty savoury biscuits of refined flavour. About 180 to the lb.

Made only by
CARR & CO. LTD.
CARLISLE.



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The "Landscape Land"

Wonderful Picture Galleries & Museums
Enchanting Land and Seascapes
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Delightfully Situated Golf Links
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World renowned Nurseries and fields of Gorgeous Blooms

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Gossard Corsets —*in Italy*

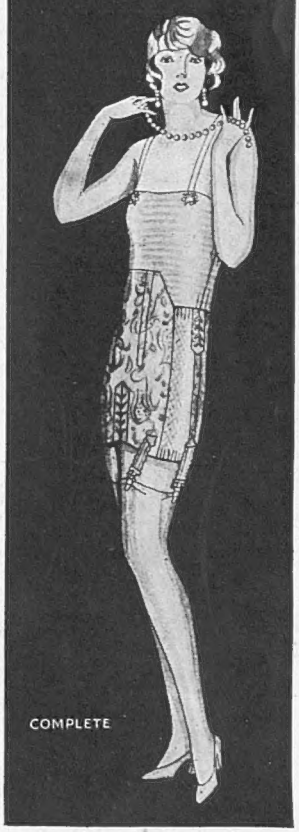
In Rome, in Florence—yes, even in Venice, where race traditions are strongest, Gossard Foundation Garments find their place in the realm of fashionable attire.

In court and salon, at the opera or festival, the Gossard line of beauty is ever in evidence. That Gossard garments are obtainable in the leading shops of Italy's principal cities is a compliment from a race most sensitive to beauty and appreciative of life's comforts and luxuries.

As a foundation for fashionable dress, Gossards make the whole world kin.

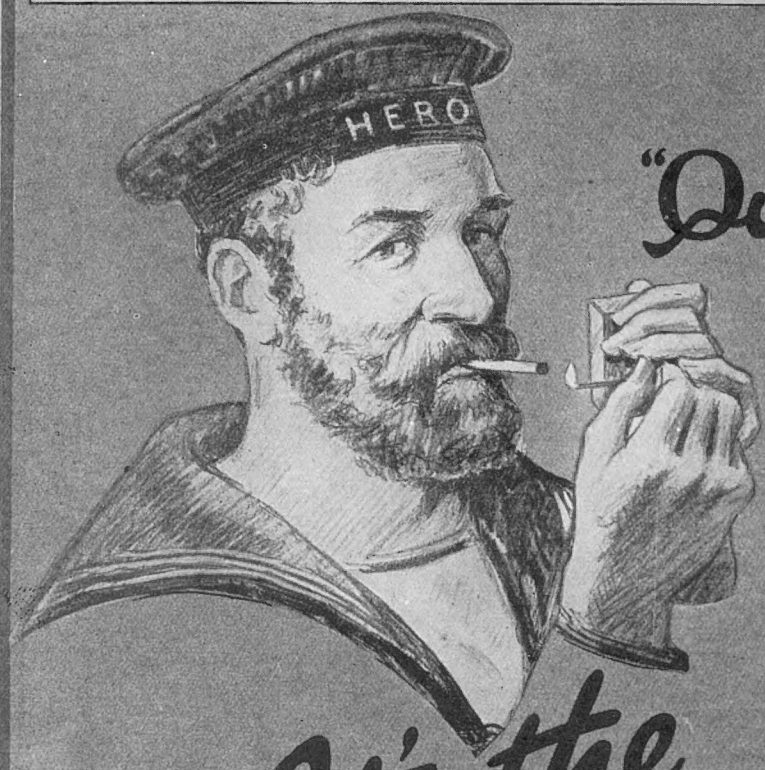
The BRITISH
H. W. GOSSARD CO., Ltd.,
168, Regent Street, London, W.1.
(Wholesale only)
Makers of The Gossard Line of Beauty

Grand Canal, Venice



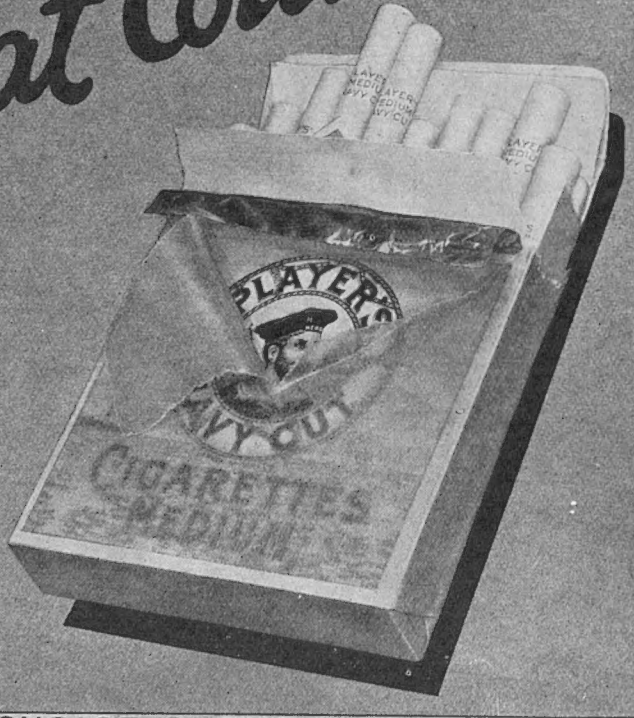
The Gossard Line of Beauty

PLAYER'S *MEDIUM* NAVY CUT WITH AND WITHOUT CORK TIPS



"Quality First"

It's the Tobacco that Counts



10 for 6D
20 for 11½D
50 for 2/5
100 for 4/8

PERFECTLY MADE FROM CHOICE OLD VIRGINIA TOBACCO

P 1305

BURBERRY TOP-COATS

When one is well-dressed there is a delightful sense of satisfaction and well-being.

'Flimsies' are excellently nice dresses, but if winds blow, or the day is showery, a Top-coat is needed more than ever.

The Top-coat of a generation ago was just a plain unattractive garment. The Top-coat of to-day is a picture coat, and there are innumerable designs at Burberrys from which to make a choice.

Top-coats of beauty they are, but more than ever Top-coats of usefulness. Burberry Top-coats keep out rain, however prolonged, as well as cold winds. The 'flimsy' dress, no protection, must be protected.

Burberry Top-coats are invaluable protectors. Elegantly designed and constructed with many beautiful rich quality materials.

BURBERRY MODEL B 463

A very becoming example of the fashionable reversible coat, designed on picturesque lines in Purple Saxony cloth one side and bold Check material on the other.

BURBERRY MODEL B 462

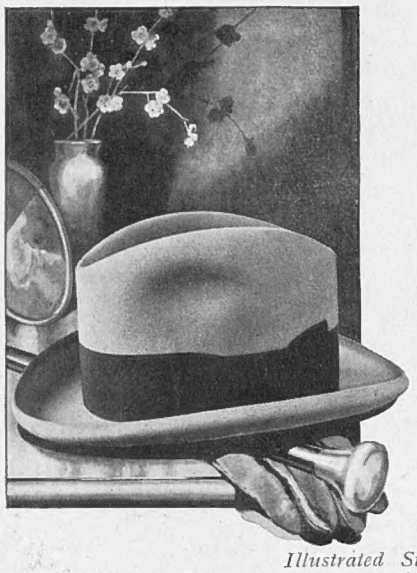
This charming coat embodies the best features of the new mode, and is tailored in a fine quality Broken Check Saxony cloth, and trimmed plain black.

Catalogue of Overcoats for every occasion and Patterns, sent on mention of THE BYSTANDER.

BURBERRYS
HAYMARKET S.W.1
Boul. Malesherbes PARIS; and Agents

Burberrys Ltd.

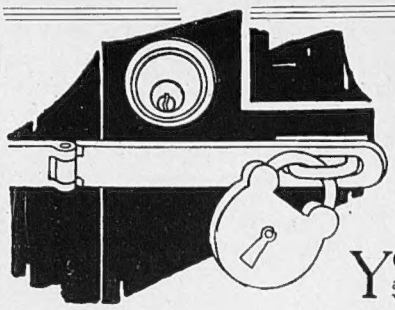
DISTINCTIVE and in good taste, this is a model that will meet the ideas of those who appreciate good style.



Illustrated Stetson Booklet containing list of Agencies will be forwarded on request.

JOHN B. STETSON CO.
Offices and Showrooms (Wholesale)
70 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

STETSON HATS



Security!

YOU are locking capital up when you buy a car. See that it is locked up securely! You would not trust your hard-earned money to a mushroom Bank. But you *know* you are safe when you deal with a House that has a long and honourable tradition behind it. Swift Cars are cheap, and could be made cheaper still, but the people who build them have a 28 years old name to maintain. They dare not make a car that would sully it. This, with the Swift record, is your security.

MUCH MORE VALUE FOR NO MORE COST.

SWIFT

Easy Deferred Payments Arranged.
Write for Catalogue and name of nearest Agent.
Manufacturers:
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COVENTRY.
London Showrooms:
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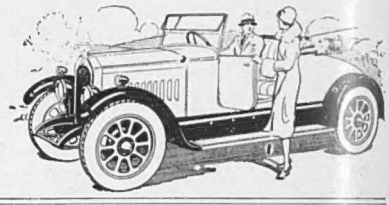
(1 minute from Leicester Square Tube Station)

10 h.p. 4-seater £235
10 h.p. 2/3-seater £235
10 h.p. "Quinton" Saloon £285
12/25 h.p. 5-seater £375
12/35 h.p. 2/3-seater .. £375
12/35 h.p. "Cheylesmore" Saloon £475
Complete with 4-wheel brakes and Dunlop Balloon Tyres.



By Appointment.

RANSOMES'
LAWN MOWERS
"The Best in the World."

Illustration of 24 in. light Motor Lawn Mower, suitable for use on small sports grounds and gardens of medium size.

ALSO HAND, HORSE, PONY, AND DONKEY MACHINES

MOTOR LAWN MOWER PRICES
16 INCH MODEL, **£45**
20 INCH MODEL, **£62 10s.**
24 INCH MODEL, **£72 10s.**
30 INCH MODEL, **£92 10s.**

SOLD BY ALL IRONMONGERS AND SEEDSMEN

Illustrated Catalogue No. 5 free on application to:—
RANSOMES, SIMS & JEFFERIES, Ltd.,
ORWELL WORKS, IPSWICH.

Quality Tells

Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd
Distillers —— LEITH
Estd. 1863.

Gentlemen - your linen

Shirts and Collars to be redressed as new must be handled by experts.

We invite all Discriminating Gentlemen to send for our Brochure which explains our LINEN BY POST SERVICE and the methods we employ to produce perfect work.

SINCLAIRS'

DISTINCTIVE LAUNDERERS,
Homecroft Road,
Wood Green, LONDON, N.22.

'Music Wherever You Go'

When 'His Master's Voice' Portable Gramophone is in the Party

ON the river, in the garden, picnicing, motoring—how much jollier all Summer's outings will be, set to music! This new portable Gramophone is no trouble to take along—and its tone is wonderfully rich and true.

MODEL 101, in the picture, possesses new type internal horn, new amplifying tone arm, and 'His Master's Voice' No. 4 Sound Box, also entirely new in design. Light cabinet, covered with black waterproof cloth, fitted with leather carrying handle and metal corners. Equipped with single spring motor. Ten-inch turntable, playing records up to 12 inches in diameter, graduated speed regulator, self-closing needle container for two kinds of needles. Provision is made for carrying six records in lid. Height (closed), 11¼ inches. Width, 5⅜ inches. Length, 16¼ inches.

DELIVERED UPON A FIRST PAYMENT of **12/-**
and eleven monthly payments of ***12/-***
OR CASH PRICE £7

The Gramophone Salon is on the First Floor

Harrods LONDON

Harrods Ltd *London SW1*

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW COMBINAIRE CORSETS

'Minerve Combinaire'

Invaluable for sports, dancing and the tropics, can easily be washed without removing a single bone. The success of this porous tricot combinaire is due to the cut and the substance of the new woven tricot material, which holds the figure and moulds it into slim lines. The three bones in front give support, and for full figures the boning can be arranged to suit requirements. Made in our own workrooms, and obtainable at Harvey Nichols only. As sketch, with two pairs removable suspenders, and fastening under the arm.

PRICE

Size 30 to 36 ins. .. **59/9**
„ 38 to 42 „ .. **69/9**

Made to order from **3½ Gns.**

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Measurements of bust, waist, and hips for this garment should be taken easily without corsets.

Sent on Approval.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

"A NEW NOTE IN LINGERIE"

LACE WOOL PYJAMA SUITS

FOR PRESENT WEAR

This attractive and Original Pyjama Suit is made exclusively for Debenham & Freebody from fine lace wool and lined throughout with silk ninon. It is soft and comfortable in wear, and is particularly suitable for travelling.

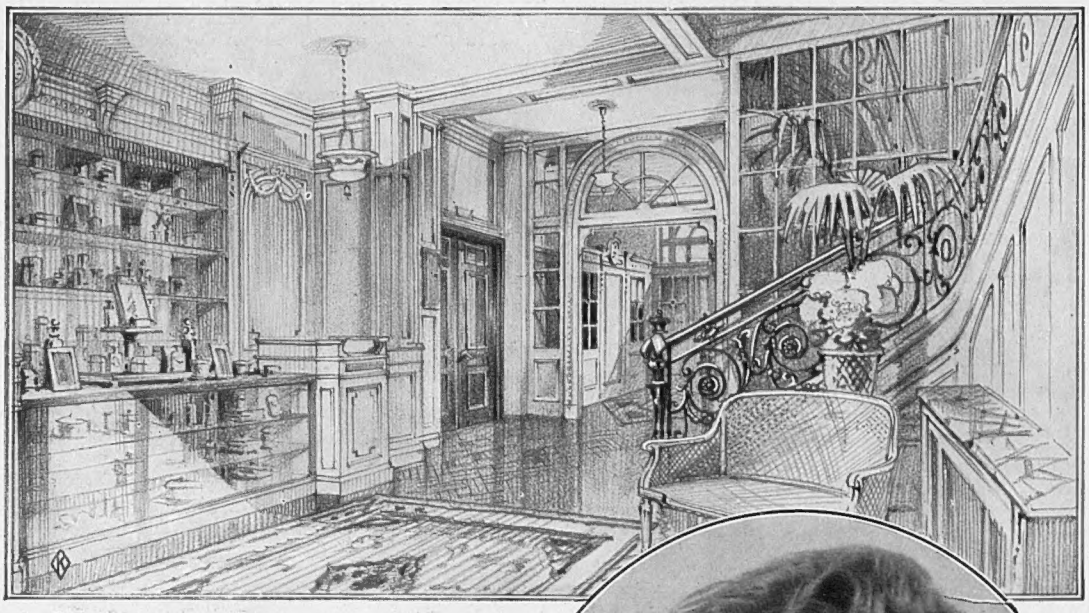
DAINTY LACE WOOL PYJAMA SUIT (as sketch), an exact copy of a French model, jumper coat with rever collar and kimono sleeves, attractively trimmed with ribbon ruchings, and rouleaux of satin in dainty lingerie colourings, legs fitting at ankle with satin buttons, lined throughout with silk ninon. In pink, ivory, cyclamen, sky, lemon, green, and bois de rose.

PRICE
89/6

POM-POM BOUDOIR CAP of dainty cream lace, trimmed feather pom-poms and satin ribbon, **29/6**

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody.
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square), London, W.1.



Ladies of discrimination

are finding that their most exacting requirements are skilfully met in the Salons of the new Hairdressing and Beauty Centre of Feminix.

An exclusive service by the world's expert women is the feature of this up-to-date establishment.

Write for illustrated booklet "Lady of Quality."

Permanent Wave by Feminix

Feminix LTD

Women's Service for Women

26a, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

'Phone for appointment
Gerrard 9106 (6 lines)

Deaf!

Deafness need now no longer be endured—nor feared.

Hundreds of former sufferers have found relief from the disability, and have secured renewed hearing-enjoyment by the aid of our ALL-BRITISH "Ossicaide."

Amazing results are being achieved every day; we could tell of recoveries almost unbelievable.

YOUR case is not hopeless nor exceptional. Half-an-hour's consultation with the inventor of the "Ossicaide" will change your whole future.

This aid is the smallest, lightest, and most perfect yet produced. It is guaranteed for your lifetime. Recommended and used by eminent Aurists and Medical Men. Built on scientific principles. No cumbersome tubes nor conspicuous head-gear.

Consultations are given free by the inventor in person.

Hours 9.30 till 6 p.m.
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Ossicaide
(ALL PATENTS FILED AND PROTECTED)
V. A. FOOT, F.I.P.I. SOLE INVENTOR

"WALMAR HOUSE," 296 REGENT ST., W.1.
'Phone: Mayfair 1528.
(Just above Oxford Circus.)
And at Manchester, 305, Oxford Road.

Obesity

THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—
MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, Welford Road, Leicester. Box 89.

Antexema
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS
A cooling, liquid cream for eczema, rashes, pimples, chaps, skin irritation, etc. Instant Relief, 1/3 and 3/- pots. Supplied the world over. Estab. 1883

HAVE YOU A COMFORTABLE SEAT IN YOUR GARDEN?
If not, Messrs. Sanders & Co. invite you to write for their new Booklet, "Teak-wood Garden Furniture," illustrating inexpensive Seats, etc., *free on request.*
Seat, plain, 4 ft.—£6 15s. With Motto, "The Kiss of the Sun," etc., 60s. extra.
SANDERS & CO., Sundial House, 365 Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

SLEEPING BADLY?

Then take two Genasprin tablets, in a little water, just before bedtime. They will soothe your nerves and quickly induce sound, refreshing sleep.

GENASPRIN
(The SAFE Brand of Aspirin)

Sold by all Chemists—2/- per bottle of 35 tablets. Buy a bottle now!
GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICS.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

If you suffer from ASTHMA, CATARRH or ORDINARY COLDS.
Buy a tin to-day at your chemists
4s. 6d. a tin.

Estimates free
CARPETS BEATEN
PATENT STEAM
CARPET BEATING
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CARPETS SHAMPOOED. CARPETS DYED.
COLLECTION AND DELIVERY FREE. *Tel. 4280 North (4 lines).*

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW
CRÊPE de CHINE
OVERBLOUSES

BLOUSE DEPT. — FIRST FLOOR

Becoming Jumper Blouse *in good quality crêpe de Chine with fronts arranged to give slight fullness, and finished pleated jabot, new hip band drawn in by buckle. In all new pastel colours, also putty, grey, ivory and black.*

PRICE
49/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

BY APPOINTMENT
HENRY HEATH LTD
OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF HAT MAKING
BY APPOINTMENT

By Appointment
To His Majesty the King & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

Look inside the Hat for the Registered Trade Mark.

12169.—An original note in tam o'shanters. Made of finest quality fur-felt, its charm lies in its delightful adaptability. Ideal for sports and general wear. In all the new colourings. 30/-
Stocked in small sizes for shingled heads.

105-107-109 OXFORD ST. W.

This Hat can also be obtained from our provincial Agents.

A selection of Hats will be forwarded upon request.

GREY HAIR

EVAN WILLIAMS
TUNISIAN
It's safe — HENNA
Applied at and obtainable from all Hairdressers.

FOR WIRELESS AND YOUR CAR
Exide
THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY

PRINTED NOTEPAPER
Smooth, high-grade, crisp Bond, 6" x 7". Address neatly printed blue (up to four lines); Envelopes printed on flap if desired.
200 SHEETS 100 ENVELOPES
In dainty box. Post Free, Cash on Delivery 5/10. Opaque Envelopes 6d. extra.
Gledhill Stationery Co.
51, Sackville St., Bradford.
5/6

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER
TRADE MARK
MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

ATTRACTIVE AND USEFUL BREAKFAST FROCK

"MIRA"

ATTRACTIVE Breakfast Frock in figured fancy cotton marocain, possessing the long bodice and godet skirt which is outlined, and has also the small vest in voile to tone, finished small buttons. In good combination of colourings.

SPECIAL PRICE
49/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.

THE ONLY
BREAST SUPPORTER
(Regd. Design.)

White, fine, strong material, **15/6**
White only, thick material, **12/6**
Sizes from 27 to 36 ins. only.
For Heavy, Full, Loose Figures or Maternity. White, strong material. **28/6** All sizes.
For bathing or during maternity, rubber or waterproof, from 25/6
Reliable White Net, from **29/6**

A Woman's first duty is to take an interest in her breasts, which are exposed to a great deal of fatigue and pain. Whether corsets are worn or not, with **JOUJOU Breast Supporter** the figure always presents a trim, attractive appearance. **Parents** should take interest in their girls' figures as the **Joujou Breast Supporter** is very important. Early attention is necessary. **Middle Aged Women** are in great danger when their figures are not supported.

However small or large, the bust needs support. Also guards against Cancer, Pain and Tumours.

Further Quotation from one of many **testimonials** and **letters** of **thanks:**

"I received the JOUJOU Breast Supporter; it is most comfortable and most satisfactory. Many thanks for prompt attention." (Signed) K.T.

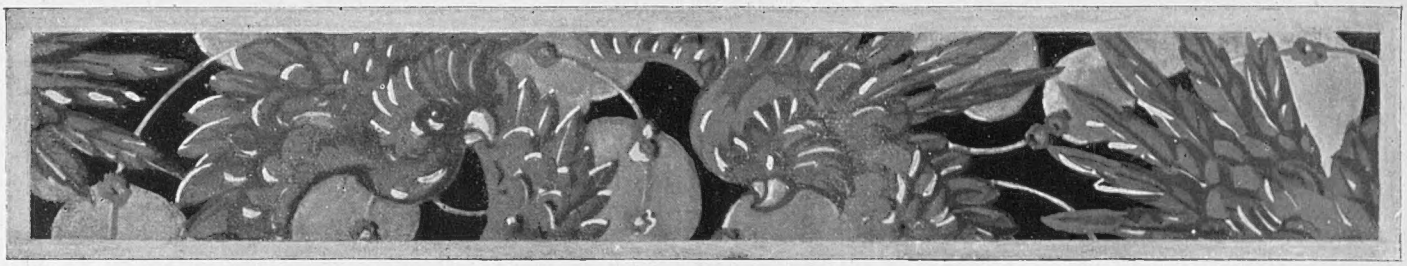
Give us the opportunity to supply Breast Supporter **which is well approved by Doctors; we make a speciality of its kind for all figures.**

Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Free Illustrated Circular. If not satisfactory, money refunded in U.K. only on receipt of goods by return post. Personal fitting when calling or send your order.

Prices vary in respect to one's requirements.

Please state bust and under-bust measurement.

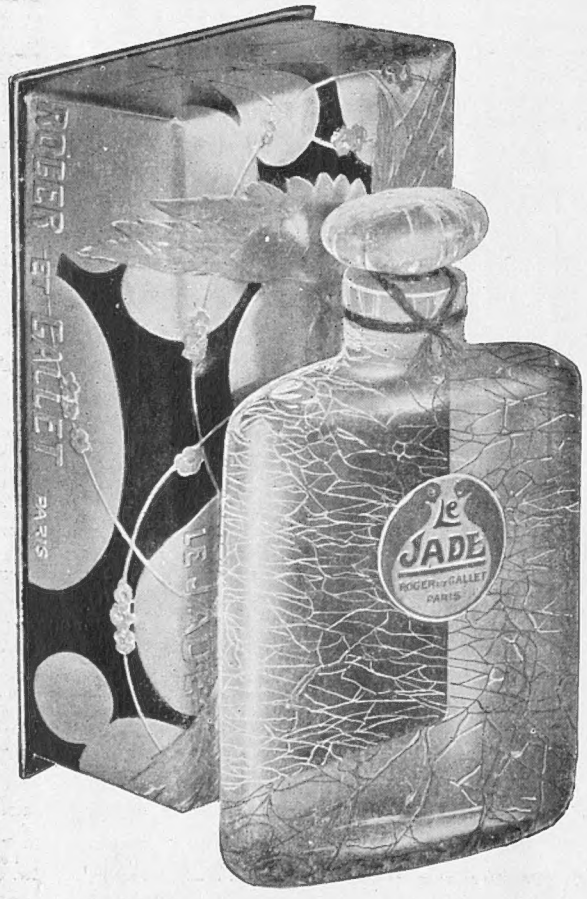
Post Free only in U.K. Obtained only from:—
2845
"JOUJOU" Co. Dept. B.201
49, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1



Le Jade

PERFUME

Of the group of truly great perfumes produced by the House of Roger & Gallet in Paris, during this and the last century, Le Jade, though the latest, is already the best known. Success in its native city was never in doubt. Parisian Society, the most critical coterie of fashionable women in the world, instantly recognised the original genius of the blend. They found Le Jade intriguingly new, and quite irresistible, and their emphatic acceptance of this fascinating perfume has established its leadership with the fashionable Society of London and New York. Le Jade can be obtained from all the high-class parfumeurs in London and the Provinces, and is now being demonstrated in the Perfumery Salons of the leading Houses.



Roger & Gallet PARIS

Perfume 4/6, 8/-, 18/6
Face Powder 1/6, 2/6
Sachet 1/- Talcum 2/-
Soap 7/6 box 3 tablets

Send 1/- P.O. for miniature casket of Le Jade Specialities to Roger & Gallet (London), Ltd., 14, Poland Street, London, W.1.

℗ J17

Sir Francis Drake, with Hawkins, Howard and Frobisher, cleared the Spanish Main of buccaneering Dons and caused the New World luxury of tobacco to flow into English ports—notably into Bristol, now famous as the birthplace of
WILLS'S "GOLD FLAKE" CIGARETTES

Best is Best

Wills's

GOLD FLAKE

CIGARETTES

With or Without Cork Tips

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

W.D. & H.O. Wills. Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd

C.F.30.W

BEAUTIFUL PERMANENT WAVING

that is safe and satisfactory

Most heads of hair—even pure white ones!—can be permanently waved with absolute safety.

And with what perfectly splendid results!—with what an improvement in personal appearance!—provided always, as the lawyers say, you take expert advice on the subject.

It is a simple, safe, pleasant and comfortable experience this permanent waving at Dickins and Jones. Just, however, have a consultation with us on the subject. It costs nothing to do this—so why not make up your mind and ring up Gerrard 9700 for an appointment.

DICKINS & JONES

Hairdressing Dept., Third Floor LTD

REGENT STREET
LONDON W.1

SWAN AND EDGAR

Abdo REGD CORSETS

AGE, what of it? YOUTH, what is it? A mere nothing in itself—real youth is a matter of lines and contour and a free, active mind and spirit. 'ABDO' Corsets give all the joy of lissom freedom, all the activity of perfect comfort and all the artistic charm of a well-proportioned, correctly-balanced poise and figure.

'ABDO' FIGURE REDUCING MODEL 828.

(Shown below)

A new figure reducing, back supporting model in fine quality Pink Silk Broche. Very low fitting top, four piece reducing belt. Duplex Rustproof Steels, hip bone left entirely free. Four adjustable suspenders. Sizes 25 to 38 inch waist. **29/11**

'ABDO' MODEL 322

(Shown above)

A handsome wrap-around Corset in superior quality Pink Silk Broche, for average figures. Very low snugly fitting back. Fitted with Duplex and Spiral Steels. Six suspenders. Elastic insets over hips, and all round top. Sizes 22 to 30 inch waist. **21/-**

An Illustrated Brochure *will be sent Post Free on request.*

MODEL 828—29/11

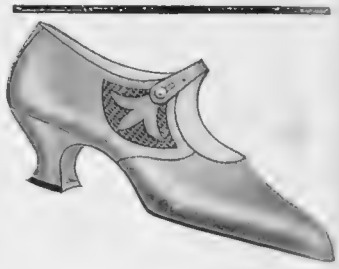
SWAN & EDGAR

Swan and Edgar Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

SMART SHOES

At Moderate Prices.



Oak Glacé 1 Bar Shoe, with Lizard insertion at sides, medium LXV heel; also in Stone Glacé and Patent, with Black Lizard.

PRICE **35/9**

New Bois-de-Rose Glacé 1 Bar Shoe with leather heel, suitable for town or light country wear.

PRICE **39/6**

Black Glacé Kid Bar Medium Shoe, smart shape for house wear.

PRICE **29/6**

Also in Patent 35/9

Brown Glacé Kid 1 Bar Shoe, medium Paris heel, suitable for light promenade or house wear.

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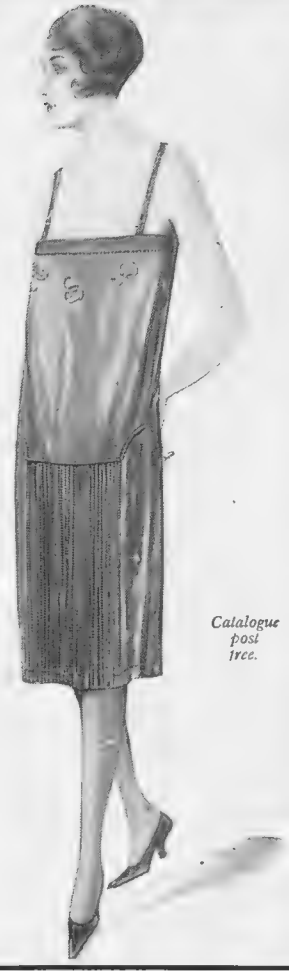

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The BYSTANDER

Photographs *Bassano*

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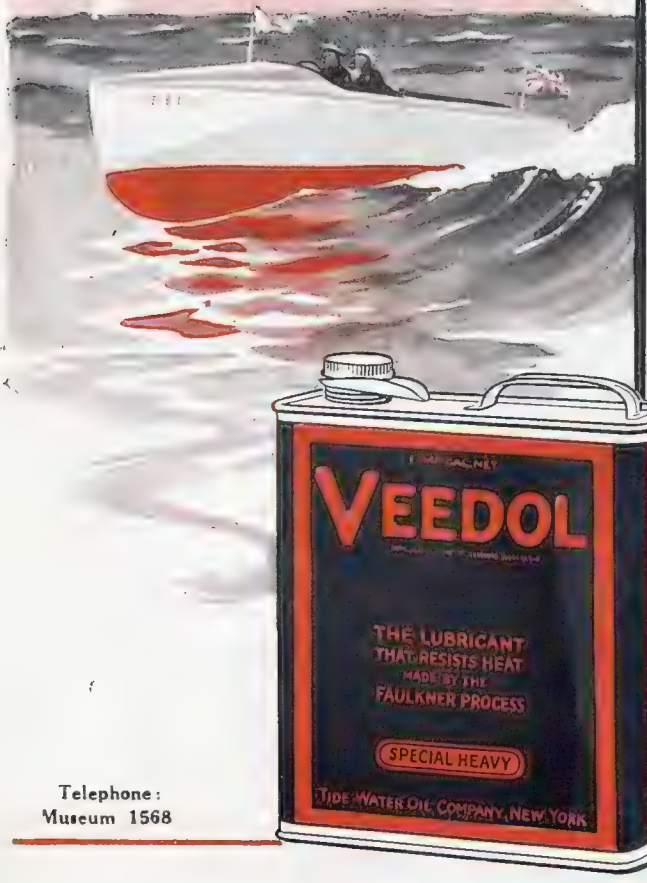

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS.

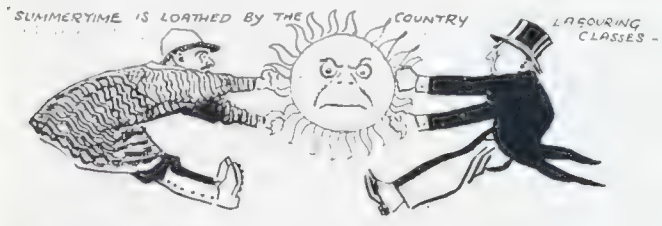
Photo Press

IN THE SUNSHINE AT BIARRITZ

The Prince of Wales taking a stroll through the grounds of the hotel at which he has been recuperating. He is accompanied by General Trotter

Summer Time

HAVING had a week in which to study the working of Summertime, I have decided that the late Mr. Willett played a rather dirty trick on those decent country people who had previously lived normal lives. Normal people always have lived their lives in the track of the sun. They needed no juggling with the clocks to make them rise with the lark. It is only the abnormal townsman who has to be "kidded" into doing the sensible thing.



The Cows are Tired

SUMMERTIME is loathed by the country labouring classes. They are asked to rise at an unreasonable hour and to do their early morning work under the most unsatisfactory conditions. They cannot get their children to bed at night and they cannot get them up in the morning. From eight o'clock onwards the air is shrill with the voices of tired women trying to persuade their unwilling brats to go to sleep. Even the cows are too tired to be milked. No wonder the brown cow looked sad!

My Conscience is Clear

ALL very unfair, but the countryside is accustomed to injustice at the hands of city folk, and they will get over it in time. Meanwhile, I find it possible to get in a full round at Mid-Surrey when the toil of the long day is done; so, having cleared my conscience with these few words, I put my papers away and hop aboard the Richmond train, singing a little song of thanksgiving to Mr. Willett, who made such things come to pass.

Just a Joke

THE Academy opens before we meet again, and that queer noise you hear is merely the critics filling their fountain-pens prior to telling us that British Art is just a joke. According to the critics, all British institutions are in a decadent, derelict, and thoroughly diseased condition. Literature is dying, and the Drama is dead. Where we should be without Esthonia, Moscow, and Kansas City, I tremble to think!

A Glorious Thrill

I AM sorry to hear that the Army is not adopting my suggestion to hold a Tattoo during the coming summer. The outstanding feature of Wembley, and the most stirring spectacle staged in living memory, it would be a thousand pities if this glorious thrill did not become a permanent feature of the London season. A lot of rubbish is talked about the Public Conscience, but if such a thing really exists it was certainly stirred by the Stadium Choir when they sang "Abide with Me" during those summer evenings when Wembley was still with us.

The Artistic Barman

WHEN Elsa Lanchester was running her funny little cabaret, just off the Tottenham Court Road, Nigel

Playfair and Arnold Bennett were frequent visitors, and I was not surprised to find that this clever girl had a lot to do with the success of *Riverside Nights*. A feature of those cabarets was the coffee-bar presided over by John Armstrong,

"GOOD NIGHT!" APRIL 30, 1926

By Blam

The "Retiring Angel": "Call me early, mother, IF I'm to be Queen of the May"

who has designed some of the scenery for the Hammersmith Show. After the singing postman comes the artistic barman.

A Local Epic

I wonder it hasn't occurred to the producers of *Riverside Nights* to adapt Kipling's local epic *Brugglesmith* for the Lyric stage. I am quite aware that the highbrows of Hammersmith sniff at Mr. Kipling. I know that Arnold Bennett accused him of writing "in a curiously tortured idiom, largely borrowed from the Bible," but I also remember that, when Kipling was lying dangerously ill in New York, Mr. Bennett stood before an audience and said, "God save Kipling!" And, what is even more to the point, I further remember that *Brugglesmith* is a piece of excellent fooling, which cannot be said of the whole of *Riverside Nights*.

Two Stalwarts

Ran into Arthur Bourchier, who is working hard to win the city of Gloucester for the Labour Party. Just across the Golden Valley at Minchinhampton Oscar Asche has a farm, and I hear that he is saving all his bad eggs for the day when A. B. holds his final meeting on the eve of the poll. I should like to see a political duel between these theatrical stalwarts—from a safe distance, of course!

Happy Hampstead!

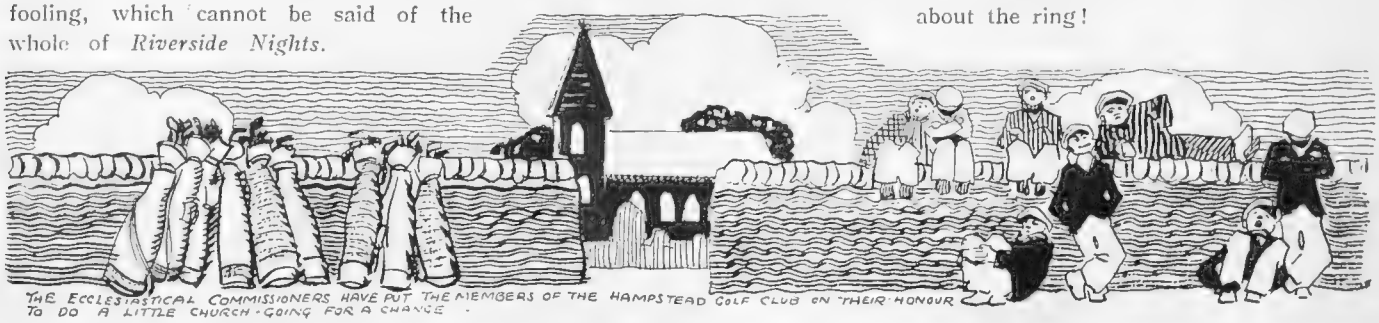
My recent remarks on the question of Sunday Observance seem to have borne fruit in a rather unexpected quarter. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have issued a licence to their tenants, the Hampstead Golf Club, permitting Sunday play during the afternoon and evening, and I can only suppose that my championship of Sunday recreation has had something to do with this change of front. May I remark that my respect for the Commissioners has increased, and that I hope to do a bit of digging with my niblick, up Hampstead way, on the next Sunday that ever is.

The Religious Round

And may I also remark that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have put the members of the Hampstead Golf Club on their honour to do a little church-going for a change. Golf in the afternoon should mean church in the morning, and if the local vicars cannot report larger attendances from now on I shall head a deputation praying that the concession may be revoked. And no threepenny-bits for the collection, mind! Nothing less than the price of a Dunlop!

Fisticuffs and Finance

I note with reverent awe that Mr. Dempsey has agreed to defend his championship for the modest consideration of —£90,000! It really makes you wonder, when you realise that enough would-be spectators will dig down into their pockets to make a show like this possible. For myself, I get more genuine pleasure in seeing a really good bout between amateurs who go into the ring for the love of the game alone. To-night (April 28th) for instance, the Amateur Boxing Championships at the Albert Hall will provide as good boxing as you may hope to see anywhere—and it *is* such a relief to think that good money isn't being knocked about the ring!



THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS HAVE PUT THE MEMBERS OF THE HAMPSTEAD GOLF CLUB ON THEIR HONOUR TO DO A LITTLE CHURCH-GOING FOR A CHANGE

CONGRATULATIONS

Vandyk

THE whole nation received the news of the birth of a daughter to the Duke and Duchess with profound satisfaction. The infant Princess is the King and Queen's first granddaughter and stands third in succession to the Throne

THE LUNCH INTERVAL *G.P.U.*

A group taken at the luncheon given to the Australian cricketers by the London District of the Institute of Journalists. It includes the Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin, H. L. Collins (the Australian captain), Sir James Barrie, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and A. A. Mailey.

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Happy Event

THE news that the Duchess of York had given birth to a daughter sent a thrill of satisfaction through the country. Unless the Prince of Wales marries and has children, the little Princess born in Bruton Street will be third in succession to the Throne—that is, of course, if the future doesn't provide her with a brother.

Central News

AMONG THE FLOWERS

Princess Mary, accompanied by that enthusiastic horticulturist, Lord Lambourne, at the Royal Horticultural Society's recent show at Westminster.

I.N.S.

HOME AGAIN

Lord and Lady Reading photographed outside their London house shortly after their return from India. The King rewarded Lord Reading for his successful term of office as Viceroy with a Marquisate

The Court at Windsor

AT Windsor the King and Queen have been following their invariable kind, neighbourly custom when they are in the country of asking their neighbours to dinner.

The Windsor district is naturally far more thickly peopled than the regions about Balmoral and Sandringham, consequently scarcely an evening passes without some neighbours being asked to dine. And it is surprising what a lot of pleasant, interesting people live round about Windsor.

Amongst their Majesties' guests have been Colonel the Hon. Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton, who live at Queen's Acre, Windsor. Sir George is the nineteen-year-old Lord Erne's uncle, and Controller of the Ceremonial Department in the Lord Chamberlain's office. Formerly he commanded the Coldstreams. Lady Mary Crichton, who was one of the Queen's train-bearers at the Coronation, is a niece of the present Lord Dartrey, and therefore a relation by marriage to

Sport and General

WALKING TO THE PADDOCK

Prince Henry and Lord Lascelles snapped at Epsom on the second day of the Spring Meeting

Lady Elizabeth Dawson, one of the Queen's Women of the Bedchamber.

The Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin have been down to dine and sleep. If I am not mistaken, Lord and Lady Oxford and Asquith were the last Prime Minister and his wife who dined and slept at Windsor.

The Tale of a Bodice

THE announcement of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin's visit brought to my mind the story—I suppose it is what psycho-analysts would call a thought-complex concerning Prime Ministers—of a visit to Windsor by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

Ladies in those days wore an upper garment called a bodice. When Mrs. Gladstone unpacked she couldn't find the bodice of her evening gown anywhere. Only a few minutes were left before the company had to assemble in the corridor outside the dining-room to await Queen Victoria's coming. In despair, Mrs. Gladstone wrapped a shawl round her shoulders.

The Queen was rather late, and as the company stood waiting, and marvelling at Mrs. Gladstone's odd attire, one of the ladies noticed something dangling down the

G.P.U

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Prince Chichibu of Japan on a recent visit to Portsmouth Dockyard. With him is Rear-Admiral Thesiger, the Admiral-Superintendent.

back of her dress from the waist. It was the missing bodice!

Mrs. Gladstone's maid, knowing her mistress's absent-mindedness, had carefully pinned the bodice to the skirt so that she could not possibly make a mistake. But Mrs. Gladstone had put on the skirt and then proceeded to look for the bodice, which was hanging behind her all the while.

The hasty clothing of the Prime Minister of England's wife in that bodice whilst the Majesty of England was approaching slowly down the corridor was a hectic moment never forgotten by the ladies who did the clothing and the men who made a protective screen. They were only just in time, and a great lady of the Court sank to the ground in a profound curtsey with Mrs. Gladstone's shawl, hastily crumpled up, held behind her back. The only person who was not in the least put out or flustered was Mrs. Gladstone herself.

Central News

A VISITOR FROM FRANCE

Mlle. Simone de la Chaume, the French lady golf champion, who played in the recent Ladies v. Men golf contest at Stoke Poges

R.S.V.P.

ON the matter of Prime Ministers and their wives, Mrs. Baldwin, your Bystander thinks, has done a great service in publicly calling attention to those inconsiderate people—really, they deserve a harsher word—who don't answer invitations.

She points out that "it would be of material assistance to hostesses entertaining for good causes if guests invited to parties for such objects would send answers." Last week Mrs. Baldwin gave a party at 10, Downing Street for a library for the blind, and she is giving another later on for the National Children's Adoption Society.

The Prime Minister's house can accommodate only two hundred guests, so when people don't answer, no more invitations than the two hundred can be issued. And if folks don't answer, as Mrs. Baldwin adds, "it is difficult to know what arrangements to make." I've come to the conclusion that there are some people who think that tea and cakes and bread-and-butter just grow in kitchens like cabbages and potatoes in a garden, and that a hostess hasn't to concern herself with such things. You will find, I think, that those people never give parties themselves, except in restaurants or hotels.

But surely, if you can't go, or you don't want to go, to one of the many parties it is now the fashion to give in private houses for good

Maull and Fox

A FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE

Miss Rosemary Scott, the only daughter of the late Admiral Sir Percy Scott, who has become engaged to Sub-Lieutenant J. F. C. Inglefield, R.N., elder son of the late Admiral Sir Frederick Inglefield and Lady Inglefield

Lewis

A FAMILY GATHERING

Madame Paravicini the wife of M. Charles Paravicini, the Swiss Minister with her children, Vincent, Linia and Jacqueline

causes it is a matter of bedrock manners and civility to write and decline, and not leave the kind hostess wondering whether she will have ten people or a hundred for tea.

The Bischoffsheim Sale

All the world will be flocking to Christie's during the first week of May to see

BRIG.-GENERAL J. T. WIGAN AND MRS. A. T. McGRATH

the Bischoffsheim collection of Old Masters, porcelain, furniture, and tapestry which are to come under the hammer.

The Bischoffsheims used to live at Bute House, in South Audley Street, and were amongst the *haute volée* of London hosts and hostesses in the late Victorian and Edwardian periods. They were very rich, and on the occasion of their golden wedding they gave £100,000 to charity. Two years later Mr. Bischoffsheim died, leaving something like two million pounds. Mrs. Bischoffsheim survived him for fourteen years. And now all their treasures are to be dispersed!

Amongst the hundred pictures that will be put up for auction is a portrait of a Queen of Spain—Elizabeth de Valois, a daughter of Henry II of France and Catharine de Medici—by Sir Antonio Moore. Spirited bidding is expected for this portrait, as there are so few pictures by this artist—a contemporary of Holbein—in this country. The National Gallery possesses only one example of his work.

There are four Romneys—one of Emma Lady Hamilton as the Magdalen, which seems rather tactless on the part of the artist—four Reynolds portraits, and portraits, too, by Hoppner and Gainsborough. Some of the china is of great value. It will be a very interesting sale

Two Words in Season

If you want to go to Ascot you must not apply for your Enclosure tickets before May 1. And then you must *not* apply to the Lord Chamberlain, as so many people do. Your application must go to Viscount Churchill, Ascot Office, The Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James's Palace.

The Lord Chamberlain has no concern with Ascot, so the misguided who write to him for Enclosure vouchers will find themselves amongst the wailers and gnashers of teeth.

Likewise and also, those who are going to make their curtsey to Majesty at one of the Courts—be they matron, bride, or *débutante*—before they order their dresses for the great occasion should pay a visit to the Lord Chamberlain's office. There they will see designs for Court dresses which have been approved by the King and Queen.

From these designs they will see that the ultra-fashionable knee-length dresses are taboo, and therefore may read, mark, and inwardly understand what those designs are intended to convey.

LADY CHESHAM

RACING IN THE RAIN

Some of those who braved the wet and cold of a typical English spring at the recent Epsom meeting.

Photographs *Sport and General*

LADY WATERLOW AND LORD DERBY

Mr. Percy Anderson

In all the winged words for and against the musical comedy *Riki-Tiki* at the Gaiety, I have only seen one mention of Mr. Percy Anderson, the designer of the brilliant dresses, which, with the music, were the most effective part of the whole affair.

It was hard to believe that these gorgeously dazzling dresses, with their subtle suggestion of the Europe that borders on the East, were thought out by the man who designed the dresses for most of the original productions of the Gilbert and

LORD AND LADY HILLINGDON

Sullivan operas. But so it is. Mr. Percy Anderson's art in designing captivated Gilbert. And further than that, Mr. Anderson " re-dressed " the Gilbert and Sullivan operas again for their London seasons of a couple of years ago.

He designed the costumes, too, for most of the Beerbohm Tree productions at the Haymarket, and all the gorgeous dresses in *Chu-Chin-Chow* came from his fertile brain and obedient paint-brushes.

I'm afraid when we go to costume plays we don't pay much attention to the name of the man who has designed the dresses, although probably without him the play wouldn't have its correct atmosphere. Mr. Percy Anderson is over seventy yet he is turning out work, as *Riki-Tiki* proves, of brilliancy and dazzling originality which would be remarkable in a man of less than half his age.

Mr. Anderson has the distinction—given, I believe, to him alone—of some of his sketches for the original Gilbert

I.B.

'HERE THEY COME!"

A study in expressions from one of the covered stands at the recent 'chases at Bungay. The weather did all it could to put a damper on the proceedings

nd Sullivan opera resses being hung per- anently in the Victoria nd Albert Museum, with atterns of the materials f which the dresses were ade attached to the de- igns. His portrait of Coquelin hangs in the Louvre, and his portrait of Joseph Conrad in the National Gallery, again a distinction shared by few other English artists.

Alexandra Day

ALEXANDRA Day will be held in London on June 9, in memory of Queen Alexandra. Since the Day was inaugurated fourteen years ago in Queen Alexandra's honour, the sale of the roses, which are made by cripples, has brought in over a million pounds for hospitals and other institutions for the sick poor. This year in some localities the proceeds of the Day will go towards the national memorial to Queen Alexandra, which is to be an augmentation of the funds of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute for Nurses.

Central Press

AT AN IRISH MEET

Lord Londonderry with his daughters, Lady Helen Stewart (left) and Lady Margaret Stewart, at the County Down Staghounds Point-to-Point meeting. The races were held at Ballyheft in County Down

An Elizabethan Treasure House

I AM sorry to see that Old Place, Lindfield, a few miles from Hayward's Heath, is in the market. It is a gem of Elizabethan reconstruction. When the late Mr. C. E. Kempe bought the place it was a small manor house which had fallen from its manorial dignity to being a workhouse.

Mr. Kempe, who was famous for his stained-glass windows, his knowledge of heraldry, and his ecclesiastical lore, added an Elizabethan palace to the original small house. In the dining-room was a huge window—he called it a

Topical

ON THE COURSE

Lady Mary Doyne (right) and Lady Eltham discussing the "run" of events. The photograph was taken at the Bridgenorth Steeplechases

Friendship Window—with all the coats-of-arms of his friends, each perfect in heraldic detail and colour.

The new part of the house was so perfectly Elizabethan that you could not tell where the old left off and the new began One room, with an elaborate ceiling with long plaster pendants in the late Elizabethan manner, was called the Garb Room. The garb in heraldry stands for a wheatsheaf, which was Mr. Kempe's crest. The wheatsheaf appeared in all the windows and in the decoration of the ceiling.

And I remember, too, a wonderful Elizabethan bed in a room I once occupied there, a great four-poster with curtains and hangings of what

used to be called "cut velvet," which meant that the pattern was of velvet on a silk ground—a form of weaving which seems to have been lost. The room was known as the Portuguese Ambassador's Bedroom, because the bed had once belonged to an Ambassador to Queen Elizabeth from Portugal.

The Missing Letter

THE gardens are as perfectly Elizabethan as the house, with prim yew hedges and the "mound" which, you will remember, Francis Bacon said was essential to the beauty of all gardens. It was a wonderful creation for one man, because, apart from the building, everything in the house—furniture, china, tapestries, etc.—are Elizabethan, and were all collected by Mr. Kempe. And now his love and labour of years is to come under the hammer! One can only hope that some understanding and appreciative soul may have the means to buy Old Place just as it stands and preserve its beauty.

There was something considerably over a hundred years between the birth of Mr. Kempe's grandfather and his own, the explanation being that both his father and grandfather married after they were fifty. In former days the family owned all that part of Brighton which is now known as Kemp Town. The final "e" of the name was dropped so far as Brighton was concerned through the carelessness of a Post Office clerk.

A BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Margaret Maclaren Weir, only daughter of the late Mr. J. G. Weir, M.P., and Lady Noble, who is to be married on July 1st to Captain R. C. G. Mackenzie, Royal Marines, third surviving son of the Count and Countess de Serra Largo. Miss Weir is a member of the Middle Temple

A Mystery Concert

NEXT Friday, if you choose to listen in and exercise your wits you will have the opportunity of winning some of the £500 which is being offered as prizes in the *Daily Graphic* Mystery Concert. From seven o'clock until eleven an astonishingly varied programme will be broadcast from all stations. You will hear Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Sybil Thorndike, Miss Violet Loraine, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Mr. Henry Ainley, and I don't know how many other stars of magnitude. Your part of the concert will be to guess who the performers are; and the prizes go to those who identify the greatest number of artistes, items, and the various novel problems which will be flashed through the air to your ears. It promises to be a most interesting evening, and when I tell you that this mystery concert is for the benefit of the Infants Hospital, of which Princess Mary is the President, and Mr. J. Gomer Berry the chairman, you will know you will be listening in for one of the best of good causes.

Poole, Waterford

AN IRISH ENGAGEMENT

Mr. Terence Hume Langrishe the only surviving son of Sir Hercules and Lady Langrishe, of Knocktopher Abbey, Co. Kilkenny, with his fiancée, Miss Joan Grigg, daughter of Major Ralph Grigg. Mr. Langrishe was formerly in the Irish Guards and attached to the R.A.F.

Central News

ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH

Miss Enid Burbidge arriving with her father, Sir Woodman Burbidge, at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields for her marriage to Mr. A. J. V. Venables

A. P. Steer

A NAVAL WEDDING

A group taken after the wedding at Plymouth of Lieut. G. W. Mott, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Mott of Reigate, and Miss Joan Oliver, only daughter of the late Lieut. W. E. Oliver, R.N., and Mrs. K. Noël Humphreys. The bridesmaids were the Misses Phillipa Mott, Pat Warren, Molly Hyde, Irene Allinson, Valarie O'Sullivan, and Molly Filmer Bennett, and the pages James Humphreys John Howard, Mick Woollcombe, and Tim Owen

BY DAVID WILSON

THE POLITICAL ROAD-HOG

A BOOK, A PLAY AND A MAN OF TO-DAY

BY REGINALD ARKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

DRAMATIC DAYS AT THE OLD BAILEY

(By Charles Kingston)

I WENT there once ;
Spent one " dramatic day "
At the Old Bailey
Which is Ludgate way.
I knew an Usher,
So, I seized the chance
To see a criminal
Condemned with Pomp and Circumstance.
With other idle people
At the back
I saw a human soul
Upon the rack.
I heard the learned Counsel
For the Crown—
A pleasant gentleman
In wig and gown—
Talk for a solid hour
And then sit down.
I heard a second Counsel
Tell anew
The sordid story
Everybody knew.
I saw the dock,
I saw the man inside,
I saw the mother of the girl
Who died.
I saw the jury
And the prisoner share
Increasing boredom
With the whole affair.
All bored !
As bored as I had often been
By some stale, futile, undramatic scene—
Until, at last,
I almost seemed to sit
Yawning my head off
In some West End pit ;
Saying : " Why can't they hang him
And have done with it ? "

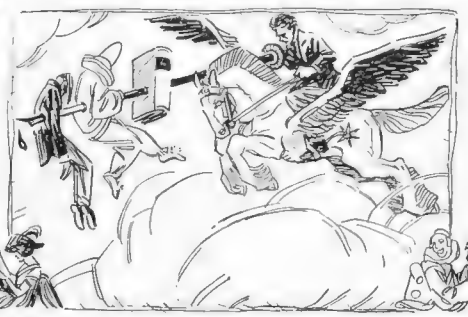
And yet I stayed
(The Usher was my friend) :
To see the drama played
Right to its bitter end !

COMRADE OSWALD MOSLEY

(Son of Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart., and husband of Lady Cynthia Mosley)

WHAT'S in a name ?
Why, bless my heart,
When you're a Bart.,
You'll be the same
Child of the Soil !

A simple son of toil,
With money in the bank.
Sneering at rank ;
Wiping the sweat
From your exalted brow—
Just as you're doing now !
Burning to right the wrongs
Of your less lucky friends,
Who earn the dividends
Of titled democrats.
Did I say " Rats " ?



" KID BOOTS "

(With Apologies to Leslie Henson)

WHEN Leslie plays,
And cracks a gag,
I always want
To wave a flag ;
And every time
He starts to sing,
I sit and cheer
Like anything.

When Leslie plays
I never think :
" How nice 'twould be
To have a drink."
And when he works
His latest spoof
I sit and tremble
For the roof.

When Leslie plays
He is, I swear,
A comic man
Beyond compare.
There is none like him
Anywhere.
The poorest plot
Goes with a swing ;
You'll find the play
Is not the thing
When Leslie plays !

When Leslie plays
The golfing game
You'll find that he
Is still the same.
A funny man,
Beyond compare ;
There is none like him
Anywhere ;
When Leslie plays !

He's duffed his drive,
He's lost his swing ;
And still the play
Is not the thing,
When Leslie plays !

When Seasons Were Not

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *April* 26.

DEAR COUSIN—

So here we are just on the threshold of a new Season (that, as usual, everyone says is going to be *the* very brilliantest yet), and. . . . And same time—such is life—have just been reminded that it was Anzac Day only yesterday as ever was. Anzac Day—sad and joyous, and infinitely poignant and utterly glorious memory of those tense and heart-throbbing times when Seasons were not, and the mere thought of debs. and Courts and all the pageantry of peace was something unbelievably far away and dim, a pale ghost of the Past, with no faintest whisper from the Future to hint they would ever, ever return.

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ANZAC Day, when we were all moved to the depths and thrilled to the very core by the great deeds of that splendid failure of Gallipoli. . . . When, too, in France just then the gallant Canadians were making their wonderful stand against that first Hun gas attack. . . . St. George's Day it was yesterday likewise, the day of this our England's patron saint, when at Zeebrugge the English Navy (yes, English, not British or Imperial) did one of the most wonderful and impossible miracles of all.

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ELEVEN years ago . . . it's strange, somehow, that there should be all that gulf of time between us and the immortal epic of the beaches. Strange—and yet I don't know. Sometimes it seems more like eleven hundred years. Can it in truth, now I come to think of it, be as little as eleven between Then and Now? *Then,* when all the world was in uniform, and you slunk about shamefacedly if you hadn't got a war job of some sort. *Now,* with Navy and Army being cut down to a kind of shadow of even their pre-war selves (and nobody apparently minding), and if you see a bit of khaki or dark blue in the streets or on a Tube you stare hard at it, as at some curious survival of far-off things.

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THEN—a darkened London with postmen and telegraph boys an hourly menace of one knew not what awfulness . . . lots of lunches and dinners and dances and theatres, it's true, but always in the background the Big Thing, that solemn, towering, unending menace that somehow held us together and sobered us even when we were being most hopelessly hectic or frivolously defiant of mere peace-time customs and *convenances.* A colossal joy it was then and more than enough to go on with, that Someone Who Mattered should be just merely still alive—a super-thrill if he should happen to collect something in the way of a star, or stripe, or a ribbon across his chest.

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AND *Now?* Who cares two hoots (except, of course, the ones who really matter) if anyone happens to have purchased, at a price, such well-nigh forgotten baubles as the M.C., D.S.O., or even V.C. itself? The ribbons fade, the medals rust in drawers, and a nice K.B.E. for a portly Mayor or pushing M.P., a title for a Groom of the Backstairs or donor of £20,000 to the party funds, sweep them right off the map and make them look humbly and feebly foolish. And quite the most epoch-making Army news, dear Cousin, for years and years and years, is that

"Guards are to be allowed to wear rubber heels"

the Guards are to be allowed to wear rubber heels.

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ISN'T it lucky though, in a way, come to think of it, that we are so, as you might say, resilient? Only quite a few people, you know, have probably even happened to remember that these rather remarkablish things were done and suffered—oh! with such infinite bravery and blood and tears, it simply doesn't really bear thinking about—just eleven years ago. And on with the dance is our modern motter just now, and quite right too, I suppose. Only . . . just a word, a floweret, a minute's memory, dropped at the feet just once a year of our glorious dead. I don't think even the most convinced of our post-war anti-militarists, trade union or otherwise, would grudge them that.

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BUT, talking of this aforesaid Season—it really is rather at our gates, not to say on the doorstep, just this very moment as ever is. Proper and correct and traditional pushing-off day thereof being by ancient and accepted ordinance the private view of the R.A., which (have just realised it with a sort of reverberating shock) is actually this self-same week we're now launching or embarking on. That delightful P.V., whereat men unanimously revive for the occasion the long-lost (except for evening shows) top-hat, and women wear, if poss., such frocks as they wouldn't mind even their dearest enemies seeing 'em dead in. A pleasant function, too, God wot (as the saying goes), especially these days, when even pictures by Real Artists

"Anzac Day"

(which isn't necessarily quite exactly the same as R.A.s) are admitted, and they've even got a whole room (first to the right as you go in, I think) set apart for undeniably and unashamedly "modern" painters and their works.

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A truly pleasant function, as aforesaid. There, if I may venture to prophesy, will be Lady Alexander, in the very latest and most *épatant* of conceivable frocks. . . . A Duke or two, certainly the charming Duchess of Rutland, lately back from U.S.A., where neither she *nor* Lady Diana, I'm assured, ever had that "face-lifting" treatment there's been so much chat about. Also, *comme habitude,* Sir John Lavery, accompanied by a traditionally beautiful Lady model of his, and possibly casting a shy glance or two at the *toujours* meritorious Laverys on the walls. A Prime Minister or so, present and ex, plenty of Cabinet and peerage, likewise editors, poor poets, opulent stockbrokers, and Gladys Cooper.

"The new Verrey's"

Nothing really in the whole world to touch an R.A. P.V., I don't believe, as a forgathering place from all the uttermost ends of the earth of all the people who count, or, anyway, think they do—and I do hope at least some of the hosts and phalanxes of Americans they say are visiting us this Season will have arrived in time to get a glimpse thereof instead of being hurried right around to see the Tower or St. Paul's or the British Mus., which are, of course, all excellent and much more praiseworthy institutions, but just a bit dead.

Not the only invaders of the moment, of course, our transatlantic cousins, seeing that all manner of folk are also just coming up from the country simultaneously to see life—and oh! how I should just love to have the job of seeing them all round. None of the dear old duds I shouldn't show 'em—or, anyway, they'd have to get all of them wiped off first in just one preliminary day, so's to tell folks way home they'd been there, or words to that effect. Then we should start really going around and seeing things as London sees them . . . do you know, odd as it may appear, no Cook and Co. people ever seem to have thought yet of doing *that.*

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Simply masses of quite nice things happening here in London town, there would appear to be just now, even though the Season hasn't quite properly pushed off or started yet, for those who desire and yearn for new experiences. "I'll do anything *once,*" as charming Isabel Jeans says in that rather unusually pointful play *Conflict,* at the Queen's—and says (and does) it in some rather extra specially nice frocks, too. Which reminds me, there are some things we do rather miss in the way of dress here in London now, compared with Paris, I mean. *E.g.* and *par exemple,* when you go and dance at Paris restaurants you're allowed to wear a hat . . . and *what* hats and what opportunities! Velvet's *the* mode of the moment for suchlike hats, rich rose with a rose georgette frock, or amber with cream. Also velvet capes and coats to match your frock in the daytime. And at night the all-conquering vogue of the flesh-coloured stocking has utterly

"On the threshold of a new season"

vanished pink ones you can wear with black shoes for a black frock, green stockings and shoes with a silver one, and so on. . . . What a dream!

As they say in that delightful Chez Fysher show at the Cavour, *Je ne sais jamais ce que je veux,* but *je veux toujours ce que je n'ai pas.* Quite excellent philosophy, too, as expounded by the dark and Eton-cropped Dauvia, while Gaby Montbreuse blows her hair away from her face and makes odd noises with her mouth, and Helen Chappy, with the green chapeau, sings sentimental ballads as if they amused her, and M. Fysher himself tells us all about that kiss:—

You're the one I'm dreaming of,
You're the only one I miss,
But the thing that makes me love you most
Is the naughty little way you kiss.

Whereat loud cheers from the assembled multitude as they cheerfully consume their Oysters Whitstable or Caviare Astrakhan, and raise once more their brimming bumpers of "The Boy" on high.

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Talking of eating (said she voraciously) I dined yesterday as ever was at a perfectly delightful spot, namely and to wit the new Verrey's, which is, of course, in that ever-changing and being-demolished thoroughfare, Regent Street. Vast improvements they've made here at Verrey's, which can now accommodate about 750 worthy souls quite exclusive of and apart from the new ballroom for 150 couples. Seems difficult to realise, it does, that Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, to say nothing of dear Mr. Gladstone, used to forgather here, but it's a fact. Makes you feel quite literary, it does!

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

"Still" Life!

BY E. T. REED

Reports from the U.S.A. state that 300,000 arrests for intoxication took place in the past year and that the bootlegging industry brought in £720,000,000. Statistics are not *always* dry!

THE MARVELLOUS HISTORY OF SAINT BERNARD

AT THE KINGSWAY

Produced April 7, 1926.

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THE Marvellous History proves to be a fascinating medley of humour, romance and religiosity. The proceedings are opened by the "Fool," who, sporting the official outfit of cap and bells, draws our attention to the simplicity of the scenery, and begs us to fill up its necessary deficiencies with the aid of the imagination. The introduction is lengthy but quite entertaining, and it is presented by Mr. Dennis Barry with so light a touch that we hardly know whether we are presently to be made to laugh or to cry. Mr. Barry having disappeared behind the curtain, a piece of furniture is moved across the stage to represent the entrance to the private office of Satan in the vicinity of Hell. Creeping about it are weird winged creatures of the kind the bibulous are supposed to discern in their cups. These are the official representatives of Vice and Crime who are paying homage to their Chief during a temporary break in their working hours.

THEN a number of cheery pilgrims on the way to Rome tramp through the house to the steps of the stage, where they pause in fear of what lies ahead. They are ten in number, and the legend runs that the emissaries of Satan usually succeed in downing the tenth man. One of their number agrees to be the tenth man in the procession, as he is armed so strong in honesty that he does not fear the Prince of Darkness himself. I do not know why Satan is so often spoken of as the "Prince of Darkness," since by common consent he rules over a place that must be, if anything, super-illuminated. As the pilgrims move across the stage, the tenth man, sure enough, is set upon by the fiend representing Murder, who promptly squeezes his little life away, and disappears with him through a trap-door from which huge flames escape and leap into the air. So we know where *that* chap has gone, anyway!

"MANNERS MAKYTH MAN" *Lenare*

James Dale as Menthon, a herald, and George Howe as Miolans, another herald, exchange a few pleasantries when they meet

So far the entertainment has been on the light and bright side, as the distressing incident above mentioned is not to be taken too seriously. It is more allegory than anything. But it is clear that something must be done in the public interest to prevent Satan and his friends from annoying respectable people on the broad highway. So the pilgrims knock at the gate of an adjacent monastery, and appeal to the holy Prior for help in their trouble. The Prior at once makes an appeal to Heaven to send among them a saintly man who by the power of his holiness will be able to exorcise the devils so that they will in future be prevented from conducting themselves in an unseemly manner in the public thoroughfares.

THEN we come to a scene that is at once so delicate and so full of meaning that it is not easy to write of it in the common terms of the unregenerate scribe. A small upper curtain is drawn aside, and we are shown a little bit of Heaven, set apparently below, and not above, the stars, perhaps to remind us of the gentle truth that Heaven is nearer to us than most people seem to think. We see the Madonna (a tenderly beautiful and impressive performance by Miss Valerie Taylor) seated on her throne, with St. Gabriel on one side and St. Nicholas on the other. The good Prior's appeal is heard and answered. In a low, musical voice the Madonna calls three times the name of Bernard, to whom and to whose mission we are thus mellifluously introduced.

IN the next act we come right down to earth with a rush, and are diverted with the light touch of perfect comedy. Richard of Menthon, the great mediæval lord, has arranged a marriage for his son Bernard, who had hitherto been in charge of a priestly tutor in order that he may be fitted for the world of men. Bernard shall be

Lenare

A TRYING ENCOUNTER

Bonaventure (Osmund Willson) realises to the full the disadvantage of being the tenth pilgrim when he is set upon by the devils which have been lying in wait for him

wedded to the noble Marguerite de Miolans, so that by this timely union two princely domains shall be merged into one. But it happens that under the ægis of his priestly tutor, Bernard has grown to lift his eyes entirely from the things of earth. In the matter of this marriage he wishes dutifully to obey his father's will, but he has heard a Voice from Heaven calling him to holier work, and he must pray to be directed aright in his choice. Richard of Menthon is a man of very ordinary piety. In his view, a young man should pray at the regular times, and then get about his business. He is satisfied that prayer is a job that can be easily overdone, especially as, admittedly, a little of it goes a very long way.

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But although Bernard has confessed his love for Marguerite, he is haunted always by the Voice that called on his name a while since. On the eve of his wedding he is still undecided, and his father, who is out to take no chances, gives orders that the young man shall be locked in his room for fear he should make a bolt for freedom in the silence of the night.

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When night comes we see Bernard wrestling in prayer, while Satan has sent some of his most competent emissaries to turn the young man from his lofty purpose. The fiends seem to defeat their purpose by their hideous cries outside the window, whereas if Bernard had been visited with, say, the ordeal of St. Antony—but this is only idle speculation. In his paroxysm of prayer, Bernard calls upon the Madonna and upon St. Nicholas, the patron Saint of the young, for help and guidance. In a few well-chosen words, and speaking from his place in Heaven, St. Nicholas informs Bernard that he must choose the higher life to which he has been called. With regard to his being a prisoner in his room, if he will merely push the solid iron bar in his window that prevents his egress he will find it will yield under his hand. Bernard pushes the bar aside accordingly, and escapes; but the incident would seem to give a clear handle to the unrighteous. For if St. Nicholas can cause bars to be pushed outward, he can similarly cause them to be pushed inward, and thus qualify himself as the patron Saint of the cat-burglar.

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The absence of Bernard is not discovered until the bridal party has assembled, and the bride's parents feel the insult so keenly that they try to get up a

fight between the adherents of the two noble houses. But about this time the bride, too, has a call from Heaven, and she makes peace by declaring that Bernard has taken the right road, and that she will follow his example and retire into seclusion. In the next act we are with the pilgrims on the road again; but this time they have Bernard with them. He not only brushes the minor fiends aside, but he calls Satan from his lair and strangles him on the spot. I do not think, however, that we need conclude that the arch-fiend is still dead. Hell was said to be a place very like London, which may be why Satan occasionally mistakes our doorstep for his own.

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The acting of the "Mystery" throughout is on a very high level. Mr. Robert Harris as Bernard carries the part through with a note of sincerity that rings true all the while; and Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the dutifully resigned bride is most impressive. I do not know what the severely orthodox will think of this intimate representation, but, as a mere outsider, I found it greatly to my taste. JINGLE.

"The Riviera week by week."

THE strenuous months are practically at an end, and for those of us who live on the Riviera and can find enjoyment in its endless natural charms and its wonderful climate the really pleasant days are here. The sophisticated temptations of the casinos are being withdrawn at the end of this month in most of the resorts, with such exceptions, of course, as the far-famed establishments at Monte Carlo, which never close all the year round lest some optimistic fortune-hunter from the distant parts of the earth should be disappointed on arrival in the Principality, and the popular little Casino at Juan-les-Pins, where the summer season is the more interesting, and the restaurant on the shore is the most important part of the Casino.

WHILE the ultra-fashionable crowd is drifting northwards or making for Italy it is striking to observe how large an increase there is in the number of families who propose to spend the greater part of the summer on the Côte d'Azur, where they know they will have a real summer, and also in the number of first-class hotels which are now keeping open all the year round. In addition to the many well-known hotels in Monte Carlo and Nice which never close, and those in favourite bathing resorts such as the Cap d'Antibes, Juan-les-Pins, St. Raphael, and the many delightful little villages around the Gulf of St. Tropez, which are always crowded in the summer-time, there will in future be many establishments open at Menton—among them the Hôtel des Anglais, the Stella Bella and the Berkeley Miramar—and at Cannes, where we have a new *hôtel de luxe* on the front within a stone's throw of the Casino, the Majestic, which is under the direction of the experienced M. Henri Ruhl, and therefore allied to the Carlton and other fashionable hotels. The Majestic having announced its intention to remain always open, it is of special significance that the new proprietor of the Grand Hotel has announced that he will close at the end of this month for important alterations and improvements, and in September next will re-open as an all-the-year-round hotel also. Older places like the Hôtel des Anglais, the Victoria, and numerous others never close and are never short of guests.

BATHING, boating, fishing, picnicking, and plenty of other diversions, make the summer delightful, and this year there will be more facilities for tennis than ever, for not only will the Gallia Courts at Cannes be open but Mr. Frank Jay Gould has decided not to close the handsome New Courts Tennis Club, which is certain to be a popular resort. There are many other tennis clubs along the coast which are making preparations for a flourishing and busy season, and if the Lenglens, the Wills and the rest of the star turns are away, it leaves all the more room for the budding champions who hope to attain prominence one day—and they are very numerous on the Riviera.

THE Cannes regatta was a great success, and ended with a big banquet, at which yachtsmen and yachtswomen vied with one another in eloquence and compliments. The races have encouraged many residents and regular visitors to take up sailing and motor-boat cruising, and they will be still further encouraged by the very interesting book on the subject by Captain Leslie Richardson, one of the most active men in the Mediterranean yachting world, which by a happy coincidence was published by Geoffrey Bles during the races and was a topic of conversation at the Cercle Nautique.

P. and A.

A VISIT TO FILMLAND

The Duke of Connaught photographed with Mr. Rex Ingram on a visit to the famous producer's studio near Nice. The Duke watched the making of some scenes of Mr. Ingram's new picture, "The Magician."

VISCOUNT CHAPLIN, Comtesse de la Beraudiere, the Hon Montagu Forbes, Lady Sempill, Lady Alderson and her daughter, and countless American visitors are in Nice, and the Military Horse Show has proved a complete success. Officers representing France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and Poland have been competing daily, and the fine weather has added to the enjoyment of what is always a brilliant affair. It would be nice to see a few English officers taking part in the contests and upholding our national prestige in equine sports, and perhaps next year this may be possible. They would be warmly welcomed by everyone.

THE official inauguration of the Felix Joubert collection of ancient armour at the Musée Massena was a notable event, and this priceless exhibition, made by a British subject who is related to a celebrated French general, adds enormously to the interest, and the value of the Nice Museum, and will certainly attract many British visitors from all parts. The three rooms devoted to the magnificent gift are extremely well arranged.

TRIPS to Corsica are easy from Nice and are increasingly popular, for the island is specially interesting and romantic, and tourists are now much better catered for than was the case a few years ago. The new book on the subject by Mrs. Luke Hansard, of Mougins, whose pen-name is Renée Juta, which is dedicated to Lady Hadfield, at whose Riviera villa I believe much of the book was written, has some highly original illustrations by the brother of the authoress, and will arouse a desire to visit Corsica among a large circle of readers. The air service from Antibes takes, as a rule, just under two hours.

MANY people have been at Juan-les-Pins for the last of the open tennis tournaments, which went off well and attracted many leading players. The Grand Hotel on Cap d'Antibes, for many years one of the favourite hotels on the coast, is having a most successful year, and the gardens are now looking at their best. One of the most artistic of the smaller homes which have been built in recent years in this neighbourhood is that of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne, which is hidden away in a charming corner near the Grand Hotel, and has its own bathing beach among the rocks. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne being the step-son of Robert Louis Stevenson it is hardly necessary to add that the house contains many unique relics of the famous writer, and one is certain to meet many interesting personalities in the literary world if one drops in there for afternoon tea. The Osbournes are among the many residents who declare that the real season on the Riviera is now beginning. I cordially agree with them.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

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THE SHOCK HABIT

BY BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Illustrated by WILL OWEN

"She has been a widow only six months and now she has married again. I call it absolutely scandalous." So spoke a woman of my acquaintance.

There was no question of the sincerity of the speaker. I could see by her face that she was shocked, and disagreeably shocked. She was feeling shame for her sex.

Wisely I held my tongue. But, thinking it all over afterwards, I came to the conclusion that this woman and a great many more of us have made getting shocked a bad habit. We are not all of us scandalised by the same things however, and in full pursuit, as usual, of my ambition to let humanity see itself with greater clarity, I have interviewed a number of people on the affairs that arouse their gravest disapprobation.

Most were taken aback, and asked for time for reflection. But I know that the truth is hot i' the mouth and that only lies have to be thought out.

"Well," said an elderly person, "I am constantly shocked, of course, by the modern exposure of female arms, legs and necks. I shall never get accustomed to it."

"Nothing shocks me," replied a flapper. "I should rather like to be shocked though, because you aren't bored if you're scandalised, are you? Wait a moment, though. I was taken the other day to a play in which all the characters wore Victorian clothes. Believe me, their legs and their arms and their necks were all covered up, just as if they were ashamed of them. Wasn't that disgusting?"

The next I tackled was a man in a train. He was reading an evening paper. "What shocks me?" he grinned. "Why, I'm shocked when a 100 to 1 outsider rolls up."

"And I am shocked," said a prim acquaintance of his in the corner, "to hear that you have any sort of interest in betting." An icy silence fell upon us all.

I did not have to put a question to my next witness. "This is a very shocking business at Geneva," he observed. As he fought for his country I listened gravely. "It should not be in the power of Brazil to prevent Germany joining the council of the League of Nations."

Later in the day I put this point to another good fellow who fought for his country and he said: "Shocked! I should have been shocked if the Huns had got their way. Hooray for Brazil, where the guts come from."

As the outside of my house is being repainted I had the opportunity of talking to a builder. Naturally he could only think of his trade. "I'm shocked when I think of my business now and what it was. The margin of profit is just a shocking joke. And when we get a building job, what is it? Do they want something beautiful, something you could take a pride in seeing grow under your hands? No. Ugly and practical are their watch-words. Not cheap-jack. Oh, no! The men's wages make it dear-jack."

My nearest neighbour shortly afterwards averred that he was profoundly shocked by the number of fires which had taken place in beautiful country mansions. I must really introduce him to my builder.

Americans visiting this country get many shocks, of course, but I begged an American friend of mine to tell me his greatest. "Well," said he, "I think I was most shocked in London by the exposure of meat for sale in open windows. What shocked you most in the States?"

"The non-exposure of alcohol for sale in open buffets."

At dinner on the same night I asked a woman guest if she had any pet shocks. She is a gentle, kindly, broad-minded creature, and I was not surprised when she shook her head. Later, however, she touched me on the arm.

"I must confess. You know that woman who lives at the corner of this road. Not the one with fifty-two hats, but the one with the dogs, who whistles. She boasted to me the other day that her husband was buying her a wonderful car. Well, she has got it. I saw it arrive this afternoon. It's a Ford."

"I think I was most shocked in London by the exposure of meat"

I nodded understandingly, and when next I met the woman with the dogs, who whistles, I asked her if she had had any shocks lately. "Rather!" she squeaked. "You know that newly married couple who have taken the house next mine? Well, their furniture arrived yesterday, in plain motors!"

Clergymen shock some people, I find, and babies scandalise others. There is never a marriage but some are shocked because it has taken place, while the number of those who are shocked because marriages do not take place is legion.

Some are shocked by wives. "I think it is an absolute scandal," said a greybeard of the M.C.C., "that the wives of the Australian cricketers should expect to accompany them." I said nothing in reply, because the letters M.C.C. make me humble, but I think myself that it is a shocking thing that the wives of the Australian cricketers are not allowed to accompany them. That member of the M.C.C. and I may one day both serve on the same jury.

Some people say they are shocked by indecent plays or books, but their sensation is really disgust. One is shocked in the theatre, or when reading, only by the badness of the art. That is why in America the dramatic critics are known as "The first-night shock-troops."

"This poet proved to be enormously fat"

Perhaps the greatest shock I ever had in my life—and you will be quick to see how unreasonable it was—occurred when I met for the first time a very famous poet. I trust that none of my poet readers are becoming nervous. When I describe the poet as very famous, that should be sufficient to convey to you that he is a foreigner. Well, this poet proved to be enormously fat. I could not stand it, and by "it" I mean the contrast between his physique and his lovely, gossamer, spiritual lyrics.

I told my experience to a man of letters, expecting him to be equally shocked. He was not. "If I were a shark," he said, "I think I should like him."

When next you are shocked at anything, reconsider it from what we may call the shark's point of view.

A PREP SCHOOL DRILL

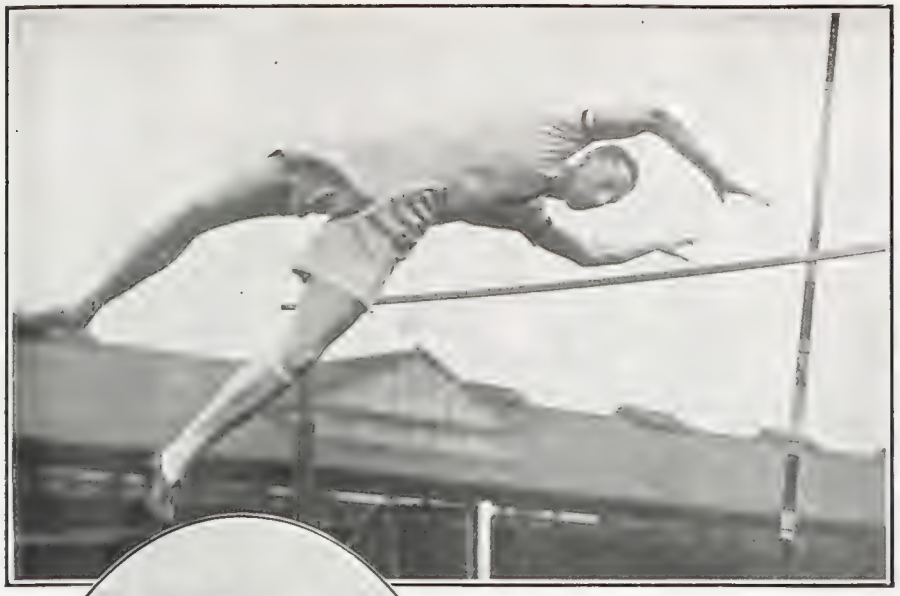
BY G. D. MARTINEAU

They swung into line with a vigorous look,
Like a section of six-year men;
They might have sprung out of the little green book,
And some of 'em scarcely ten!

Their officer stood like a pukka O-C,
And squeaked at 'em over the ground,
And they moved like a party of infantry,
When the General's somewhere round

White sweater and shorts were the bulk of his kit;
And I watched, and I heard him there,
A-splitting his chest with the telling of it,
Like I did—back on the square.

He yapped, and he told 'em to do it again,
As an officer learns to do;
I felt like a civvy a-watching 'em train . . .
And a dam' good training too!



Sport and General

R. D. COTTON (BEDFORD MODERN) WINNING THE POLE JUMP AT 9 FEET 1 INCH

The Public Schools' Sports

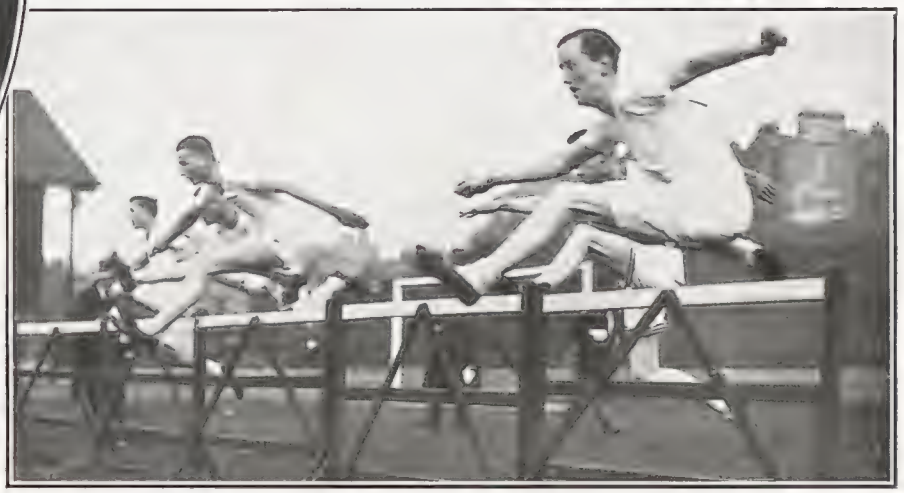
Some of the winners at the recent sports at Stamford Bridge. Bedford were the winners for the second consecutive year

Topical

F. L. FIREBRACE (HARROW) FIRST IN THE ONE MILE IN 4 MINUTES 48 3-5 SECONDS

Sport and General

O. R. O'HARA-COTTER (SOUTHALL COUNTY) CLEARING 19 FEET 7 INCHES TO WIN THE LONG JUMP



Sport and General

J. L. FLEMING (ETON) (seen nearest camera), COMPETING IN THE 120 YARDS HURDLES WHICH HE WON IN 17 2-5 SECONDS

Alfieri

A. W. REID (BEDFORD) WINNING THE HALF MILE IN 2 MINUTES 3 3-5 SECONDS

Sport and General

G. B. SOMERSET (EMMANUEL) WINNING THE 100 YARDS JUNIOR AFTER A CLOSE FIGHT IN 11 SECONDS

PARISIANA

By "Rene"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

'Test the 'bière' under the lilac"

MES AMIS—

Sans aucun doute there is a mysterious something which determines that certain events shall enjoy the public favour while others suffer the most consistent neglect, but it would need a wealth of demonstration to explain to anyone but a Parisian why there should be such an excess of enthusiasm for the extraordinary fixture known as the *Six Jours*.

THIS *Six Jours* is an indoor bicycle race in which the competitors, in teams of two, are remunerated in one form or another for continuing to ride round and round the track for six days and six nights, one of the pair taking a rest alternately for sleep or food. Indoor cycle racing over limited distances or outdoor cycle racing over long stretches, providing the riders obtain adequate rest at night to keep them in fettle, can be interesting and exciting. But anything more monotonous than dog-tired men pedalling lap after lap around a velodrome when they would obviously prefer to be in bed is impossible to conceive.

YET the *Six Jours* in the night watches—that is, between one and three a.m., when the competitors are at their slackest and most indifferent—is one of the fashionable entertainments of the Paris year, and draws precisely the same crowd that is to be found at Deauville in the middle of August, at Venice or Biarritz in September, and at Cannes in February and March. All the *gens bien Parisiens* who were like flies round the honey spread by poor Eugène Cornuché collect after the theatre in the Rue Nélaton establishment at a period when the air is such that even a puddler would find difficulty in getting his breath, and go frantic with excitement over cyclists whose mascot is the whizzing tortoise.

WHAT is the mysterious element that makes for the popularity of this pathetic pedalling I could not attempt to explain. Each year the number of kilometres covered by the riders gets less, and most of the time one has the impression that the struggle lies in who shall have last place. To get them to sprint for a lap or two, notorieties among the onlookers—actresses or other seekers after publicity—offer *primes* of a thousand to five thousand francs a time, but even these tit-bits often leave the contestants listless.

IF it were not for these *primes* and the resulting sprints the whole business would be funereal. How much is needed in the way of stimulants is shown by the fact that the total of this year's *primes* is calculated at one hundred and fifty thousand francs—a lot of money, still, in Paris—the Dolly Sisters having flung down fifteen thousand francs as a single flutter. If the notorieties do not show lavishness they come in for very highly seasoned invective from the densely packed mob on the popular side. This "barracking" is, *en effet*, regarded as a consecration of popularity, like being caricatured by Sem or being defended in a *cause célèbre* by M. Moro-Giafferi. Weird, wonderful Paris!

MOST English folk who come to Paris nowadays have the idea that the great thing to do is "to get away from the tourists" and go where the Parisians go. Well, they might try the *Six Jours*. If, after that, they don't want to get back on the sound tourist track, they can have all my francs.

"A nice thoughtful man the President is"

ONE recent party of tourists, incidentally, went back to London very happy, thanks to a nice touch of ready wit on the part of a guide. They had been drawn up, customary charabanc fashion, in front of the Presidential palace of the Elysée, when a *gardien de la paix* of the over-cautious type marched up and declared, "*Faut pas stationner ici, c'est defendu,*" fearful, no doubt, for the security of President Doumergue in these dangerous days.

"WHAT did he say?" asked the eager tourists, whose French was not sufficiently strong to cope with clippings. "He came to pray me to salute

(Continued on page 256)

"Les Pantalons du Pays Basque"

BY NICK

Studies from a land where the sombre garb of modern man is utilised to the full to give expression to the soul of its wearer

you very cordially on behalf of the President of the Republic," answered the guide without the flicker of a smile, as he instructed the chauffeur to move on to the next "sight."

And thirty-eight newly made friends of M. Doumergue went away anxious to tell their friends at home what a nice, thoughtful man the President of the French Republic is—perfectly correct, as it happens—and that the people who say the tradition of French politeness has been lost do not know what they are talking about.

"Faut pas stationner ici"

I wonder if Sacha Guitry was disappointed over the reception of his last year's revue by the tourists, for this year's composition was kept back till well after the Easter holidays were terminated. It may be a matter of chance, of course, but as a rule the very shrewd Sacha does not make a habit of leaving things to chance.

Anyhow, nobody is likely to make the allegation that the revue, which has been written in collaboration with that practised craftsman Albert Villemetz has suffered in any way by delay, for, in relation to the subjects dealt with—the topical questions of the period—it is one of the brightest things that could have been done. Chief preoccupations of the French people at present are the high cost of living, the chronic incapacity of the politicians, and the fall of the franc. Sacha has courageously employed these as his main themes and kept merry, which, after all, is no small feat.

"The high cost of living"

But then, Sacha Guitry and Villemetz, like a lot more sane and healthy Frenchmen who live away from the malaria marshes of the political habitations, believe that France has enough reserve strength to triumph over the difficulties that affright the tub-thumpers, that France is rich if the State is poor, and that her people have the incalculable privilege of living in *le plus beau pays du monde*. So that it is merely gratitude to exclaim "Vive la Republique," which he has selected as the title of the Marigny production.

Complaints are being made that the most romantic part of Montmartre, the heart of the Butte itself, that portion which has been familiarised to many parts of the world in the opera *Louise*, is being modernised to the extent of obliteration. It appears that in this historic area, which had preserved an astonishing element of rusticity, it is now possible to procure not only cocktails but also "five o'clock," which, in the Parisian vernacular means tea.

This is rather a pity, for it is the contrary to progress. The Montmartre concerned is not that of the *dancings de luxe* but the part of earlier fame as the Bohemia of the artists, and it had retained its charm to a remarkable degree. There is no advantage in doing away with it to offer us bad cocktails and worse tea than we can get down in the centre of the city. We could at least trust the *bière* and it was delightful to sit by the lilac, but there is no room for cocktails *and* lilac. The gardens must go as the shacks give way to tenement buildings. There is no quarter for artists. René.

WHAT'S IT MEAN?

"The Happy Mean," some people say,
Should be our rule for every day:
We shouldn't give away too much,
And be most careful whom we "touch."
Yet some (the happiest chaps I've known)
This doctrine scornfully disown,
And say that we should give away
All of our wealth to be O.K.
That remedy
Is what I see
The Happy *mean.*

And yet that seems such fearful rot,
I know some fellows who have got
What you might roughly call a "pot"
Who never stand a chap a "spot,"
Yet seem a most contented lot.
It puzzles me
Whene'er I see
The happy mean!

Hartley Carrick

By Albert Bailey

The Street

YOU may sing of your little grey home in the West
And your quaint little old-fashioned town;
Of a street where the cobble-stones harass the feet
As you stagger up hill and then down.
'Tis perfectly clear I am no mountaineer
That isn't my notion of fun;
For the sake of my feet,
I prefer a straight street
When the toil of the long day is done.—R. A.

THE AM

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

AMBUSH

An Arabian Night

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT Illustrated by H. K. ELCOCK

They call it "Florida," but I prefer to call it An Arabian Night Club. And it is hidden away in a mews at the back of Bond Street. I said, doubtingly, to our taxi-man, "Do you know a new place called 'Florida'?" And he said, unctuously, "Do I *not*, sir." So somebody must have been kind to him one night this week—probably as they drove away from it. It is not surprising!

What we all want if we sit up half the night is an incentive to do so beyond a mere mechanical thirst. "Florida" supplies this in a most unusual way by giving you an Arabian Night feeling as well as most appetising food and—er—"the usual." "Florida" is very haughty in that it does not begin to take any interest in life much before 11 p.m. And it is taking a vivid interest in men—and women—at four o'clock in the morning.

We have eclipsed the Paris place of the same name, in my humble judgment, because over there it is vast and very expensive and spectacular, whereas here it is small and intimate and "atmospheric," which word spells disaster to the average man and delight to the woman.

Imagine yourself to have spent an evening at the play, followed by an hour at one of the "pukka" places that you are sick to death of. When you come on to "Florida," sit down on a sofa seat, put one of the black cushions behind her back (dallying over this job), send the waiter off with his order, and take a look round, you will probably remark: "I say, this is a fascinating spot, what?"

So it is. And two clever women, and the Halsey and Gordon contingent (you can't teach these two anything about the game), are responsible for it. Dorothy Treweekes, the artist, has painted gold Chinese dragons on the black walls, and Irene Foord-Kelcey has designed and painted all the vellum lampshades, not two alike. The effect of these women's work, plus the provocative glass floor, plus the old Chinese god who presides over one end of the room, plus the Pompeian red and old gold pillars and the ceilings that look like a Mediterranean sky at noon, will keep the London that Lives out of their beds more often than is good for their complexions (and tempers) for the next six months or more.

But the floor—phew! Look out, you susceptible men and you impulsive women! Assume a pause in the proceedings. There are not many. But assume one. The lights go up behind these perfectly lovely Foord-Kelcey lamps. The floor, slightly raised, then assumes the appearance of a swimming-bath as to its surface—a sea green. Some men, I understand, have expressed a desire to dive into it! (Shallow end by the band and the watchful waiters: deep end down at the dark, indiscreet end of the room under the grinning Chinese god!) Then one of those pulse-stirring Tangos begins to fidget you towards delicious movement. All the lights go out (I want on these occasions to cry "Hold it," like the cinema man does during a shot!), but gradually come on again. Not where you would expect—but from underneath the floor. First, a pale apple-green, blending into a mixture of pale mauve and sunlight, turning gradually to lilac, clematis blue, pink, dove-grey, purple—any and every shade of colouring, calculated to make the feet and dresses of the women a hundred per cent. more disturbing than they really are.

This kaleidoscope of changing colour and design continues through the medium of the 780 coloured electric lamps under that flirting floor. And all the time the lovely woman you have been wanting to know for ages is dancing with the man you dislike intensely. Little clouds drift across the blue of the sky above her head—caused by the reflection of moving bodies on a glass floor, diabolically clever—and little clouds of doubt and anxiety collect about your mind.

You cannot barge in here with the lofty smile and the remark about "honorary membership." These Arabian Nights are not handed out to all and sundry in return for cheques—which is a very attractive (and novel) feature, since a club is a club—or used to be! But the fact that every servant in the place, except the chef, is a Britisher, and efficient at that, attracts me even more than the allurement of the lighting—but perhaps I am being rather stupid and stilted about that: I mean in *London* of all places. . . . !

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Snappy Lines for the Spring

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

INTERESTING NOVELTIES NOW DISPLAYED IN THE GENT'S DEPARTMENTS OF SOME OF THE FASHIONABLE WEST-END HOUSES

OTHER PEOPLE'S PLEASURES

DOING THE MUSEUM

By DELL LEIGH

You set out with the idea of educating yourself. You have lived in London, man and boy, for forty years, and you know less about its wonders than the average American who sees them all between the arrival and departure of the s.s. *Ruritania*. It is disgraceful!

So you pull yourself and George together abruptly.

"Come on! You can't frowst in that chair all day. We ought to have done this before, ages ago."

"Don't see why," he grumbles. "It's a free country. . . ."

George has got the magazine competition complaint. He is always on the verge of making £100 by the expenditure of a shilling, and is full of optimisms and depressions accordingly.

However, I worked him up to a torrent of derision by affirming the extraordinary psychological effect the Mummies had upon people of Celtic origin like himself, and we splashed into the rain to study the Museum thoroughly, and, incidentally, to dispose of this Mummy fallacy.

You go to the Museum much in the same spirit as you make New Year resolutions. Your mind has been too empty and frivolous altogether. After all, these are the solid, interesting things of life; and you are determined to make amends by a sweeping and intelligent survey of the entire building.

George came into collision with officialdom in the first lap. He objected to being parted from his umbrella; said he had lost things like this before. But there was no evasion, and he grumbled about the rights and liberties of the taxpayer all the way up the stone stairs.

At the top I was overcome with a feeling of intense fatigue. George remarked brutally that it was "liver, my boy," and fell into a mathematical study of the whole of this Museum business.

It was obvious, he said, that you had got to do the thing systematically, by numbers, as in the Army days. The authorities, he said, had provided a topping Ground Plan.

"No. 37, Cracherode Room. There you are—see? No. 34, Second Supplementary Room. This is quite simple: tells you everything. Hullo! No. 74, Staff Room: British and Mediæval—all civil servants, of course: most interesting. Come on, you ass! . . ."

We neither of us wanted to see the same things, naturally. George has a passion for other people's coins (he is not alone in this), whereas I was drawn as with ropes towards the South Sea Islands. We were miraculously of one mind about the Mummies. George said he had seen as many as he wanted to in the club only yesterday, sitting on all the evening papers. And I—I hadn't been sleeping at all well. . . .

I knew what would happen. We were together in British Guiana; but while I wandered round the North-West Coast of America George hurried into Eastern Polynesia and was no more seen. We had agreed, in the event of total loss, to base ourselves on No. 22, Refreshment Room, there to await stragglers.

Sport and General

BEFORE THE BATTLE

A. M. Crawley and N. M. Ford, of Harrow, and R. C. Dobson and J. Powell, of Wellington, photographed in one of the courts at Queen's Club before the final of the Public Schools' Racquets Championship which was won by Wellington. The Prime Minister, who presented the prizes, is seen in the first row of spectators

This was George's idea. But he had the Guide and Plan, selfish brute! And I developed a queer feeling that I was drifting without helm towards the Mummies.

I inquired of a sad-eyed man, who seemed to be making the floor unnecessarily slippery, as to this, and he turned me about in the opposite direction. As I wandered from exhibit to exhibit in company with other abstracted people, all with the Museum look on their faces, I found myself seized with a craving to give academic information to my fellow sightseers. I was encouraged to this by the remark of a lady to her lady friend:

"M'm: Cleopatra's time. Look at the Chinese writin', Clara, up 'ere, see?"

But her companion, having laboured aloud with Osiris, Isis, Nephthys, Harpocrates and Horus, passed beyond the narrow limits of my public school assistance.

In my search for George and his base, I walked through miles of Ronuky galleries; long case-lined avenues, with a uniformed official ever on the horizon. Of each of these I inquired feverishly for Room 22, and was by each turned in what felt like a contrary direction. On reaching "a milestone bearing the name of the Emperor Hadrian, A.D. 122," there seemed still a long-ish way to go.

After vicissitudes on slippery floors, journeyings through melancholy regions, including the Mausoleum Room, I reached our base, far spent but hopeful, only to find it "closed for repairs." Staggering through East Central Africa and the Asiatic Islands I emerged at length upon the stone stairs and freedom.

It was *sauve qui peut* now, and I could not help George's troubles. But I found him in the nick of time. He was deep in conversation with a red-collared gentleman at the doors. I heard him saying, "A small man with a fat face, probably perspiring freely; Harris tweed suit, very old; squash hat, dirty. . . ."

This was apparently me.

After we had exchanged mutual sarcasms on the other's fatuity and had yawned our way into Great Russell Street, George said, "Well, I'm glad we've *seen* the Museum, anyway: thing to do, of course. Damn bad bit of staff work about Room 22, though. . . . This looks a likely sort of place. . . . What's yours?"

ROWE of BOND STREET

These charming original garments for children cost no more than others of less distinction—witness the competitive prices for these examples from Rowe's.

10. Linen Frock; hand-made. Saxe; butcher; periwinkle; petunia; apple; canary — trimmed white dimity. 16"-26" 49/6

11. White hair cord smock—hand-made. Smocked sky; saxe; rose; pink; mauve; green. Drawn thread work each side. 16"-26" 27/6

12. Dainty striped Zephyr frock. In pretty shades of green; blue; cherry; yellow; pink mauve. Trimmed plain collar and cuffs 16"-26" 39/6

13. Mercerised jersey and knickers in fancy purl stitch. Sky/grey; sky white; sand/sky; cherry/white; saxe grey; lemon/white; tan/sand. All sizes 32/6

14. Buster suit, Striped Zephyr. Top trimmed solid colour to match knickers. In green; tan; mauve; yellow; cherry. 1-5 years 39/6

15. Children's hand-made fine wool pull-over. Sky/sand/white; tango/almond/white; sand/rose/lemon; saxe/sand/white; 2-10 years 32/5

16. Rowe correct drill sailor suit, complete as illustrated.
3-6 years 32/9
7-10 years 34/9
11-15 years 37/3
Or any part supplied pro rata.

ROWE of BOND STREET

ROWE *of* BOND STREET.

The Children's Shop of London.

These illustrations convey some idea of the charm and novelty always inherent in Rowe productions. You may safely order by post if a personal visit is inconvenient.

Children's garments are fully illustrated and priced in the "Kindergarten Age." Write for your copy to-day.

No. 101.
Knitted Suit. Silk and Wool of very light weight. Colours: Light saxe, sky, grey, leaf green, almond, white. All sizes 35/6
From Rowe's.

No. 303.
Children's Fine Wool Cardigans, in new plaid designs. Saxe/sand, nut-brown/beige, rose/beige, almond / lemon. To fit 4 to 12 years 35/6
From Rowe's.

No. 202.
Fine Cashmere Jersey and Knickers. Colours: Tan, saxe, leaf brown, champagne, sky, almond. All sizes 35/6
From Rowe's.

No. 404.
Mercerised Jerseys. 4/1 rib. In sky, saxe, lemon, champagne, leaf, white, navy, putty, rose. All sizes 18/6
Socks to match .. 5/6
From Rowe's.

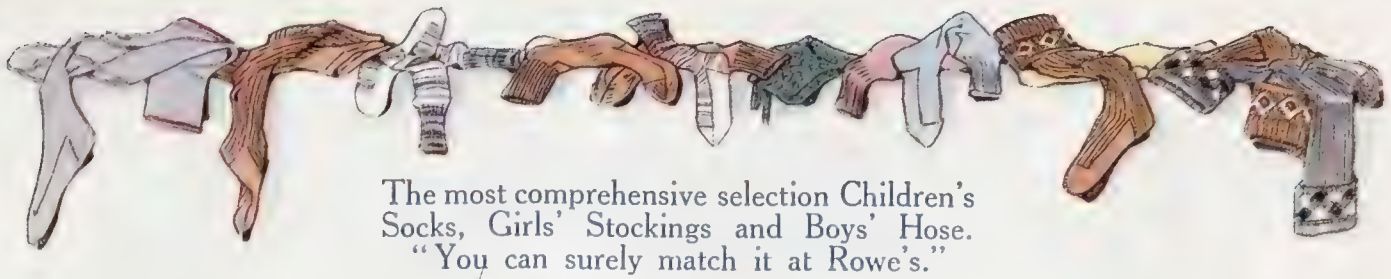
No. 808.
Tiny Tots' Jersey and Knickers. Light-weight wool. White/sky, lemon/white, pink/white, almond/beige. All sizes 22/6
From Rowe's.

No. 505.
Mercerised Jersey and Knickers. 1/1 rib. In saxe, rose, white, tan, sky, lemon, champagne. All sizes 29/6
Socks to match 5/6
From Rowe's.

No. 707.
Light-weight Wool Frock and Knickers. Saxe / white, light saxe / orange, leaf brown / beige, rose / white, putty / white, almond / cedar. All sizes. Frock .. 29/6
Knickers 13/6
From Rowe's.

No. 606.
Silk and Wool Jersey. Light-weight. In cedar/saxe, leaf brown/orange, light saxe/white, grey / orange, light saxe/leather, leaf brown/copper, leather/orange. All sizes 22/6
From Rowe's.

Wm ROWE & Co Ltd
105-106, NEW BOND STREET
LONDON, W.1.



The most comprehensive selection Children's Socks, Girls' Stockings and Boys' Hose.
"You can surely match it at Rowe's."

No. 103.
Haircord Smocks in white, smocked in saxe, sky, pink, rose, mauve, green, tan, 1 to 5 years 21/-
From Rowe's.

No. 305.
Wash Frocks in striped gingham. In grey/flame, buff/saxe, flame/white, mauve/white, reseda/white, tan/white, yellow/white, saxe/white. All sizes 25/-
Bloomers to match .. 7/6
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No. 204.
Suit in uncrushable linen. Organdi collar, cuffs and frills. In white, pink, rose, saxe, buff, tan, brown, apple green, leaf green, helio, mauve. All sizes 29/6
From Rowe's.

No. 608.
Boys' Wash Suit in broadcloth, piped self and buff. Ivory, champagne, yellow, peach, sky, saxe, tan, mauve, leaf green. All sizes .. 25/-
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No. 406.
Smocks in plain coloured zephyr, smocked contrast. Buff, mauve, saxe, flame, pink and white. All sizes 14/11
Bloomers to match 7/6
From Rowe's.

No. 507.
Girls' Dresses in Harris linen embroidered in self colours and buff. Sky, saxe, petunia, apple green, canary, apricot, scarlet, buttercup, tango, sand, butcher, rust, jade, rose, tan. All sizes 42/-
From Rowe's.

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No. 102.
Pyjamas. Summer weight, wool mixture, unshrinkable. Blue / white, pink / white, mauve/white stripes. Self: blue, pink, mauve, with white collars and cuffs. All sizes. 13/6 Suit
From Rowe's.

No. 203.
Combinations. Summer weight, all wool, unshrinkable. Also with low neck, ribbed arm. All sizes 12/6
From Rowe's.

No. 304.
"The Bentley." Harris linen. Cherry, mauve, leaf green, butcher blue, saxe, white. All sizes 39/6
From Rowe's

No. 405.
Bath Robes. Best toweline. Saxe/sky, pink/mauve, yellow/green, flame/white, sky/white, white/mauve, white/sky. All sizes 23/6
From Rowe's.

No. 506.
Sleeping Suits. Summer weight wool mixture, unshrinkable. Blue/white, pink/white, mauve/white stripes. Self: blue, pink, mauve with white collars and cuffs. All sizes 13/6
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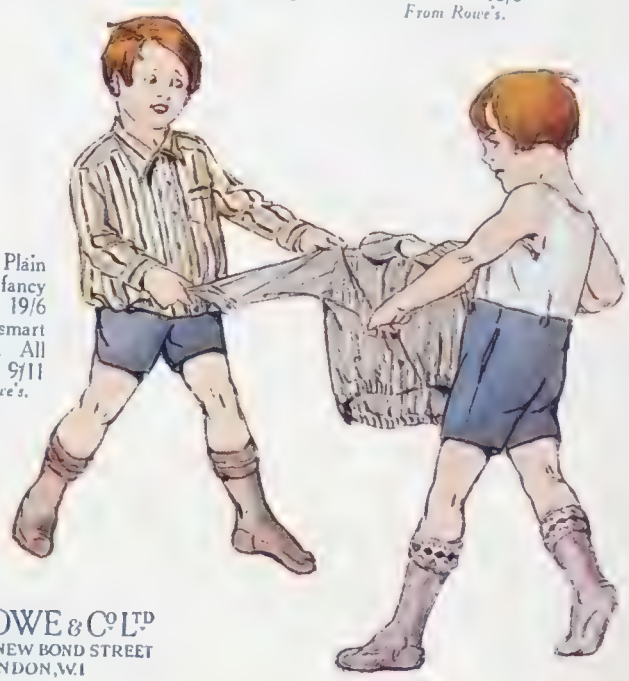
No. 708.
Flannel Shorts in cream, grey, and navy. All sizes, 16/6
Also in navy and rough serge. All sizes 16/6
From Rowe's.

No. 809.
Nursery Overalls in good strong cotton with white collars and cuffs. White, sky, saxe, buff, tan, pink, mauve, flame. All sizes 17/6
From Rowe's.

No. 607.
Fine Poplin Blouses. Plain fast colours and smart fancy stripes. All sizes .. 19/6
Fine Zephyr Blouses in smart fadeless fancy colourings. All sizes 9/11
From Rowe's.



WM ROWE & CO LTD
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THE MAN WHO DIED

by

H. F. MALTBY

THOROLD REDMAYNE sat in his little study that was situated at the back of his maisonette in the Finburgh Road, and looked out upon the chimney-pots of Greater London. There was nothing very arresting in the view, but it seemed to hold Thorold Redmayne's gaze as though in a vice. After a long pause, that seemed to his waiting wife like a slice out of eternity, he spoke.

"There is only one thing left for me," he announced at last, "I must die." Mrs. Redmayne rose to her feet with a little startled cry.

"Thorold!" she exclaimed, "you are not thinking of——"

"There you go again," interrupted her husband irritably, "always jumping to conclusions! Why don't you let me finish what I'm saying?"

Mrs. Redmayne lapsed into silence and waited for her lord and master to continue. Ever since she had married Thorold Redmayne she had been treated as a nonentity—she had become accustomed to it.

"During the last half-hour," he went on at length, "I have been reviewing my career. I am a brilliant writer."

"Oh, you are," agreed his patient wife.

"Of course *you* would say so," he remarked, "you are my wife. But it isn't only you who says it—everybody is agreed on the point. I *am* a brilliant writer. Yet here we are, with barely £300 in the world, and no immediate prospects of earning any more! There must be something wrong somewhere. It is not my writing—that is brilliant; it is my luck—that is damnable."

"Do you believe in luck?" asked Mrs. Redmayne timidly.

"I have always argued against it," replied her husband, "but there is no getting away from the fact that there is such a thing. Take my case. Look at *The Naked Lady*—that ought to have been a best seller twenty times over; but the moment it was about to be put on the market the publishers went bankrupt! Look at *The Man with a Wooden Leg!* Could anything have stopped that from making our fortunes? But just when I had finished it I was forestalled by that damned American author; and so on and so forth. Every time I think I am on a big success fate intervenes, and some bolt comes from the blue to upset all my calculations. It has always been the same in our family, the Redmaynes have always had the most diabolical luck. There is some curse on the name of Redmayne, and the sooner I get rid of the name altogether the better."

Mrs. Redmayne could not help thinking that there was much truth in this statement. The name of Redmayne had not brought her much happiness. There was a cousin who had been very much in love with her. If she had married him——! She said nothing, however.

Her husband paused and lit a cigarette.

"What do you propose doing?" asked his wife at length.

"I've got it all weighed up," replied Redmayne, "I'm going to die. Not really," he went on quickly, as he saw the startled look on his wife's face, "but I'm going to pretend that I am dead. Cause the announcement to be made in all the newspapers, and then, having got rid of the accursed name, start off again under an entirely different cognomen!"

Husband and wife sat long into the night and discussed their plans. Once their minds were made up the whole thing seemed so ridiculously easy. There was to be no fraud about it, no attempt to escape their just liabilities; even the claim of the Income Tax authorities was to be met in full.

"If I die owing a penny," Redmayne remarked, "somebody may smell a rat." All it meant was the shuffling off this mortal coil of Thorold Redmayne, novelist, and the birth of a new and brilliant writer, "Peter Steel."

The next morning Thorold Redmayne ceased shaving, and the same day his set of razors were disposed of to a second-hand dealer round the corner. On the Thursday following sundry newspapers announced to the disinterested public that Mr. and Mrs. Thorold Redmayne had decided to winter on the Riviera, and the next day Thorold and his wife landed at Calais *en route* for Marseilles.

From time to time news of their doings would reach the London Press—until one sad day a wire was received at the head office of the Special News Bureau.

The telegram was short and to the point. It ran:—

"Nice. Thorold Redmayne, the British Author, died here this afternoon."

Now whatever ill-luck Thorold Redmayne may have experienced during his lifetime, he had nothing to complain of on the occasion of his death. The news of his untimely end happened to reach the metropolis in the midst of what is known as the "silly season"—the time when harassed writers of snappy paragraphs are running about with their tongues lolling out, praying for some act of God to supply them with the wherewithal to fill their allotted columns.

Of a sudden Thorold Redmayne, the neglected and unsold, became Thorold Redmayne the greatest writer since Thackeray. People who had never heard his name before rushed to the libraries to order copies of his works. An enterprising firm of publishers hastened to secure from the Public Receiver the rights of *The Naked Lady*, and immediately rushed seven editions through the press.

The Man with a Wooden Leg was sold out in a week, and quickly reprinted.

Thorold Redmayne sat on the balcony of his little hotel overlooking Monte Carlo, sipping his Amer Picquant and stroking his incipient beard—a bundle of English newspapers before him. Yes—for once in his life he had done the right thing, his luck had changed. An arm was placed in his—he turned, it was his little wife who had just returned from a shopping expedition to Nice. He noticed how nice she was looking—he hadn't observed it for years.

"Darling," she said, "there were nearly a hundred letters for me at the Poste Restante." She laid them on the table beside him, and together they opened the correspondence.

"A fine fellow and a great gentleman." "A loss to the nation." "We shall not look upon his like again."

Thorold's bosom swelled with pride, he looked into his wife's face, there were tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter, darling?" he asked.

"It seems so dreadful," she whispered. "Supposing it had been true?" He squeezed her hand tightly and ordered another drink.

"Not a bad little soul," he thought.

"Oh, darling!" she suddenly exclaimed, "here's one from the solicitors. They say that your will has been proved and that I, as your sole executor and legatee, must attend at their offices as soon as convenient."

"You had better go this week," advised her husband, "there are bound to be several cheques from the publishers as well."

"Must I take that long journey all by myself?" she asked wistfully.

"You silly darling," he replied, "I can't very well go with you. Besides—it is not nearly as long a journey as Thorold Redmayne has just taken," he added with a chuckle.

"Darling," she protested, "don't joke about things like that—it sounds so horrid."

The next day together at Nice they purchased her mourning. Beautiful confections of crêpe and white muslin. Black silk stockings and dainty little high-heeled black shoes. Black suited her—he had never seen her look so nice.

"Darling," he said, "you are too delicious for words."

"Sweetheart," she replied, with tears in her eyes, "supposing it had been true!"

He felt quite sorry for her. What would have become of her if he really had died?

He saw her off the next day, and watched her black-bordered handkerchief fluttering from the carriage window as the long P.L.M. train drew out of the station.

"A wife in a thousand," he remarked. "God bless her!"

Three days later a wire arrived, it was handed to him as he sat on the balcony of his little hotel. It was addressed to "Steel"—that was his new name now, and read, "Arrived safely—cousin Jack met me—cheque for three thousand pounds at solicitors—writing. Love and kisses, 'Flossie'."

He kissed the telegram and ordered another *apéritif*. Silently he drank a toast, "To the memory of Thorold Redmayne and good luck to Peter Steel."

His wife was due back in a week or ten days—he was longing to see her again and hear her news. He read with uneasiness in the French papers of Channel storms and of cancelled sailings. Things had taken such a brilliant turn with him that he began to wonder how long the good luck could last. Posts were delayed and English newspapers days late. He chafed and fretted. He yearned to hear news of his wife and also of the new novel which, under the new name of "Peter Steel," had just been published.

It was a lovely day, and for want of something better to do he walked down the slopes into Monte Carlo. At a newspaper kiosk he stopped—the English newspapers had arrived; he purchased a *Times* and turned to the literary supplement.

There it was! A notice of his new book! He sat in the gardens and read: "A perusal of *The Sixpenny Bazaar*—a new novel by one Peter Steel—makes one marvel over many things, chief of which is how the publishers can hope that such rubbish can be acceptable to an intelligent public."

There was much more of it, all in the same strain. Peter Steel's first essay was obviously not a success.

Indignant and hurt he turned to the advertisements of his late publishers—"*The Naked Lady*—by that brilliant writer, Thorold Redmayne—37th edition now ready. *The Man with a Wooden Leg*—28th edition."

He was just closing the paper, when through the corner of his eye he caught sight of what was once his name—in smaller type in a side column. With feelings that none can describe he read:

"We understand that Florence Redmayne, widow of that brilliant author, Thorold Redmayne, was secretly married yesterday at the Paddington Registrar's office to her cousin, James Coburn Swan. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bride and bridegroom left London for a tour of the world."

Thorold Redmayne tore his newly acquired beard.

"Well, I'm damned!" he ejaculated "I've lost my name, I've lost my money, and I've lost my wife"—and then his novelist's instinct came to his assistance—"but I've got a good story," he added.

And he wrote it.

Mabel Robey

MISS FAITH CELLI

Who is playing a leading part in "The Unseemly Adventure," which has recently come to the Garrick. The play has been adapted by Sydney Blow and Gordon Whitehead from Ralph Straus's novel of the same name

Sing a song of eightpence; hops brewed into beer

Make a bottled Worthington very wholesome cheer

When the bottle's opened hear the glasses ring;

Worthington's the world's best beer fit for any king

Lawn Tennis Enthusiasts Who Braved the

L.N.A.

MISS JOAN RIDLEY AND COLONEL A. N. W. DUDLEY

Central News

MISS E. BENNETT AND G. R. SHERWELL

Photographs

MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS

MRS. C. H. L. CAZALET

Sport and General

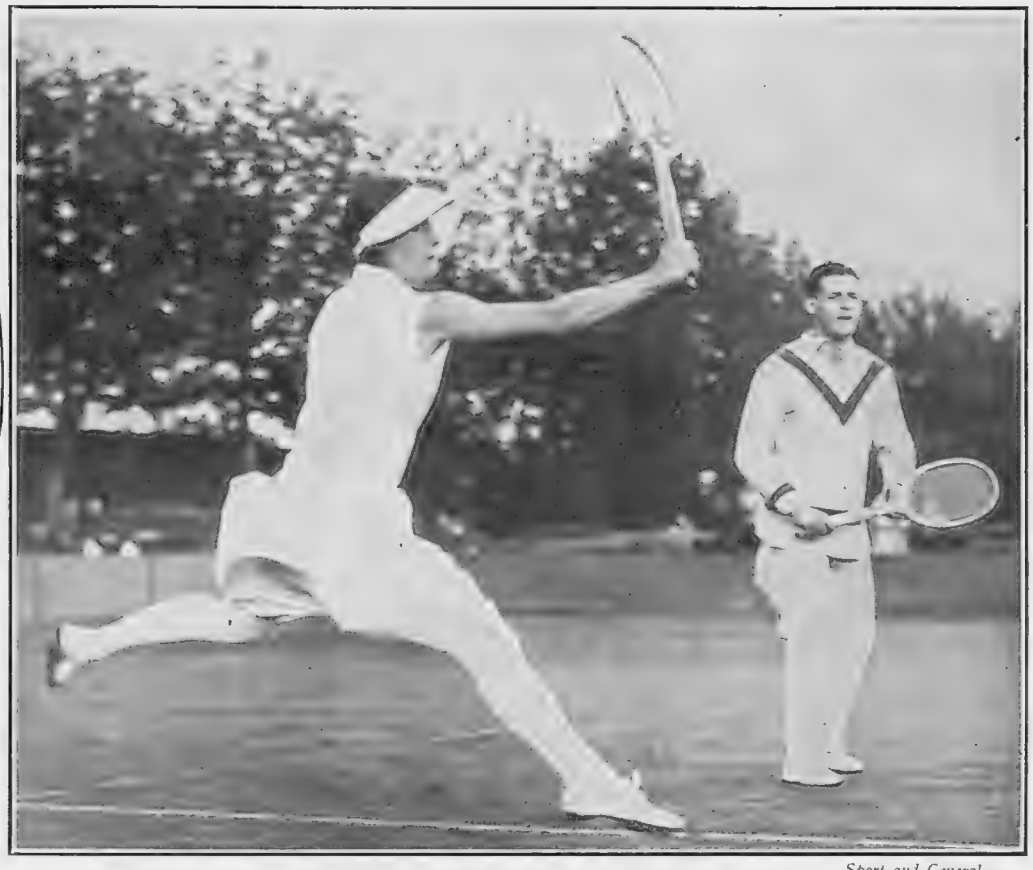
MRS. STRAWSON

There was a very large entry for the Roehampton Hard Court Tournament last week. The task of the referee was made no

Wet Weather at the Roehampton Tournament

Sport and General

MRS. G. T. EDWARDS AND MISS M. E. DIX



Sport and General

MISS E. COLYER AND P. D. B. SPENCE

I.N.A.

SIR G. A. THOMAS

Central News

MR. AND MRS. GODFREE

Central News

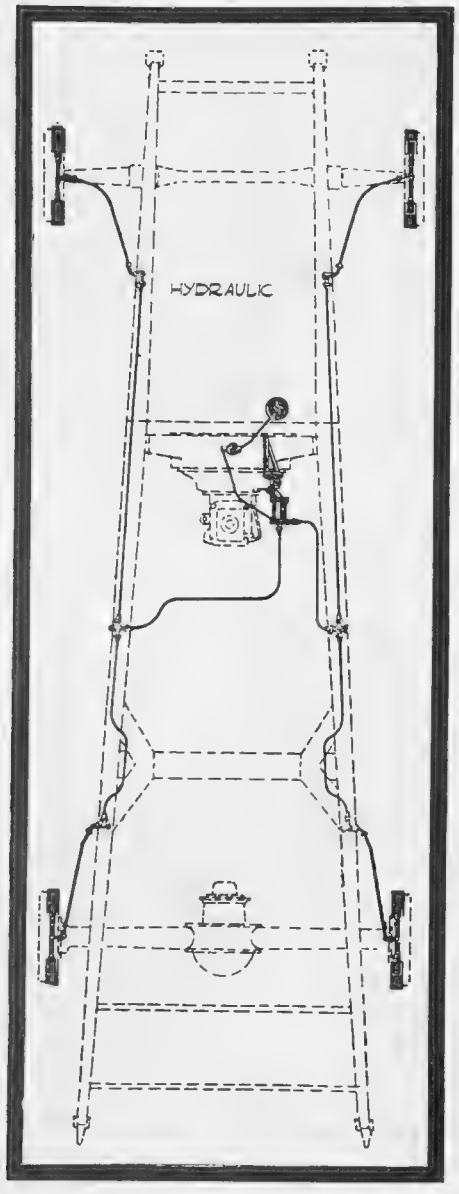
MISS NANCY McKENZIE

easier by the fact that rain interfered considerably with the play and resulted in matches being carried through far behind schedule

CHRYSLER HYDRAULIC BRAKES

See how much better they are!

CHRYSLER HYDRAULIC



COMPARE THESE TWO DIAGRAMS

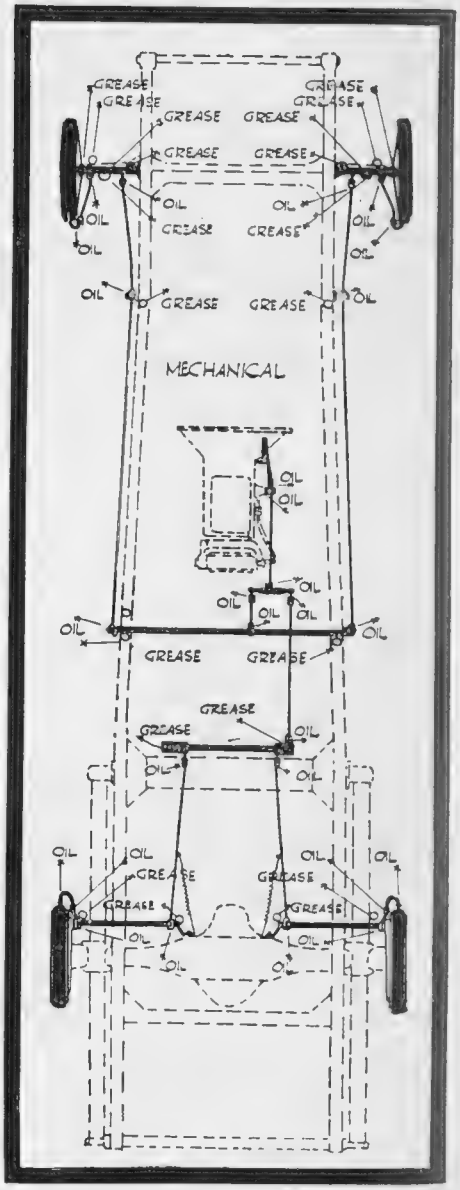
Mechanical

A complicated mass of moving parts, of oil and grease caps—potential sources of noise and trouble, requiring frequent adjustment and lubrication.

Hydraulic

Utter simplicity. Smooth, positive control Immensely greater stopping power. No skidding. Absolute safety and peace of mind for the owner - driver. Permanently correct pressure to all four wheels. Ease of upkeep. No adjustment or lubrication needed. No squeaks or rattles.

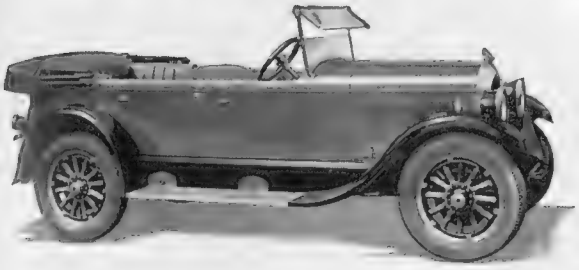
ORDINARY MECHANICAL



CHRYSLER MOTORS LIMITED KEW GARDENS SURREY

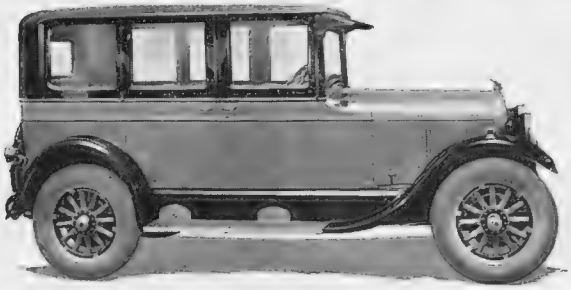
ALL CHRYSLER CARS ARE FITTED WITH HYDRAULIC FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

Here are some of the famous Chrysler models



CHRYSLER SIX PHÆTON TOURING CAR

For those who desire open driving with supreme comfort. This model is attractively finished in two tone blue grey, effectively set off by the nickel radiator and kick plates under each door.

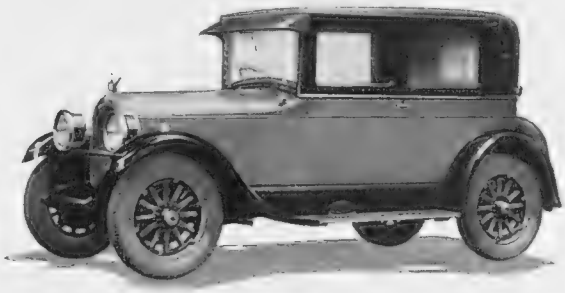


CHRYSLER SIX ROYAL SALOON

The new type of ventilating windscreen and the exhaust heater make this an ideal model for all weathers. The body is finished in marine blue with black superstructure.

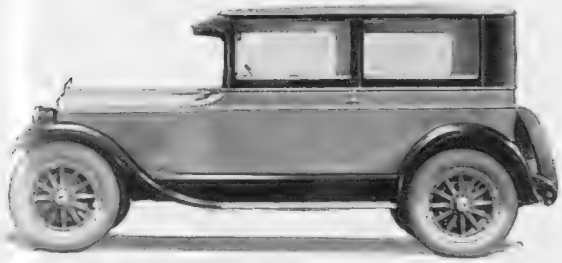
CHRYSLER SIX TWO SEATER

This model is painted in two tone beige with carmine striping. There is a comfortable dickey to seat two adults, and a handy golf bag compartment concealed in the rear of the body.



CHRYSLER SIX BROUGHAM

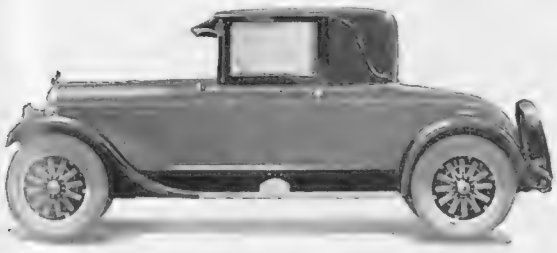
Finished in two tone beige, the brougham shares with the other Chrysler enclosed models those niceties of detail that distinguish bodies of the de luxe class. As cosy and friendly as the two seater, it can seat five passengers with ease.



CHRYSLER SIX COACH

A very elegant model, upholstered in an exclusive pastel blue and grey plush or leather, with a viscolac finish to the body. The wide doors give increased accessibility and emphasize its pleasing lines.

Catalogue, and prices (ranging from £468), may be had from Chrysler Motors Ltd., Kew Gardens, Surrey.



CHRYSLER SIX COUPE

Finished in two tone blue, with a concealed golf bag compartment as in the two seater. The comfortable dickey holds two adults, while a movable rear window allows them easy communication with the driver.

Which is it to be?

BITING!

By George S. Dixon

"'Ere, quick! Call your bloomin' dorg off!"
"If you will go round to the tradesmen's entrance you will be attended to"

SPRING

By R. W. HOW

Flowers bloomed all round her—daffodils, primroses, violets, and all the dainty fairy blossoms: their scent was wafted to her as she stood entranced, the empty sky of almost summer blue above her, a dapple of sunbeams at her feet.

It was there she found the springtime. She whose tired feet had walked so long on hard, white pavements, whose eyes had been blind to beauty in the world, whose thoughts had been the same drab thoughts that depressed the tired workers she had walked among. She had *known* life was hard—the world ugly.

Now she drew a deep breath, drinking in the sweetness. She was lost in a dream of beauty. She began to wonder about herself. Here, with all this loveliness before her, she seemed so remote from herself—from the girl who had walked with unseeing eyes. It seemed a miracle: a different world!

While she stood, spellbound, she became aware of someone near, close by her; and lifting dreaming eyes she drew a long breath of ecstasy. He stood beside her again, the lover of her youth. His tender eyes besought her pardon—the waste, the precious time they might have spent together. He had spoilt so much for her, but now—spring was here again. Would she forgive him? There was so much left to them.

She sighed gently. The flowers had smoothed the hardness from her face, the sunbeams lurked in her slow, sweet smile. She turned towards him as with a tender gesture his hand went out to the flowers.

She shook her head. Her eyes were shining now, raised to his in all the old-time trust.

Adorable, lovelier than ever! He thought there was no one like her in all the world. He remembered the first time he had seen her, coming down the little path between the flowers in her cottage garden—spears of larkspur, tall white lilies, bunched sweet williams, and fragrant, trailing cottage pinks. Flowers once more! He stretched his hand again, his eyes like hers, bright with love; and again she stopped him with quiet dignity.

Then she spoke.

"No, not the flowers," she said, and with a gentle hand led him from the flower stalls across Regent Street to a millinery window. "I waited exactly an hour and a quarter for you."

In the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of hats. The shops did not close until six o'clock—and it was still the afternoon.

By L. R. Brightwell

JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS

Mona (*back from Switzerland*): "Look, Daddy! Donkeys on skis!"

Prevents nerve strain

Nerves are fed and strengthened by Horlick's Malted Milk. To drink Horlick's regularly is to resist successfully the strain of modern life.

Jaded nerves bring along with them jaded appearance : tired eyes: wrinkles: the look of age. Horlick's stops all that.

Horlick's means health, without which there is no beauty. Horlick's means sound sleep.

Nourishing and delicious, this combination of fresh milk with invigorating extracts of wheat and malted barley, keeps you young, because it replaces spent energy.

A liberal sample will be sent you post free if you forward 3d. in stamps to Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

HORLICK'S

— THE ORIGINAL —

MALTED MILK

Horlick's is made at Slough in England. It is sold by chemists everywhere, in four handy sizes —2/-, 3/6, 8/6 and 15/-. The tablets in flasks, price 7½d. and 1/3.

Ready in a moment with hot or cold water.

Restaurants and cafés of standing serve Horlick's.

11

RACING NOTIONS
by CARBINE

THE FAVOURITE WINS *I.B.*

"Warden of the Marches," ridden by Steve Donoghue, winning the City and Suburban by two lengths from "Sparus." The winner, which is owned by Lord Lonsdale, started favourite at 100-15

"WELL OVER" *G.P.U.*

Lord Nunburnholme clearing a jump on "Blue Stone" to win the Lords and Commons Race at the recent Bar Point-to-Point. The meeting was held at Northaw Hill, Herts

The Guineas

I DO not know quite what to make of Colorado's gallop with Rainbow Bridge and others last week. Lord Derby's classic candidate was beaten so easily in the trial that I hesitate to accept the form as being strictly correct. All along I had expected Colorado to figure with distinction in the classic races, and it was disappointing to find him making such a moderate show in this gallop. Perhaps he will improve on that exhibition in the Two Thousand Guineas on Wednesday. But the likelihood seems to be that Coronach will win this race. There was really no fault to be found with the style in which the Beckhampton colt gained his success at the Craven Meeting. He will be all the better for that race, and there seems to be every reason to suppose that he will be in really first-rate trim this week.

Lex's Chance

AMONG his rivals, Lex will assuredly have to be reckoned with. Sir Abe Bailey has made his return from South Africa much earlier than usual this year. His chief object is to see his colt perform in the first of the classic races, and he seems quite confident that Lex will confirm the Middle Park Stakes form with Coronach. For my part, I do not share his optimism. I am convinced that Coronach that day was a long way from being at his best, and I shall be surprised if he does not reverse the placings in the Guineas. At the same time, it must be admitted that Lex is a most elegant colt, and those who have seen him do his latest work on Newmarket Heath are now praising him.

Classic Colts

OTHER Newmarket colts who are likely to run with distinction in the Guineas are Apple Sammy and Harpagon. The former was just beaten by Legatee in his trial last week, but I daresay he was being asked to give a certain amount of weight to the winner, and his owner and trainer were by no means dissatisfied with the gallop. Harpagon's victory in the Craven Stakes was gained quite smoothly, and he will enjoy a pull in the weights this time with Booklet, who was the winner of the trial of Alec Taylor's classic candidates last week. I am warned not to set too much store on the placings in the Manton gallop, and it is at least significant that Swift and Sure, as well as Booklet, will carry Lord Astor's colours in the Guineas. I make **Coronach** my confident selection, and I think that Lex will prove the best each-way bet.

A Stable in Form

NOTHING succeeds like success, and in racing it is always good policy to follow a stable that has proved itself to be bang in form. This principle worked out correctly enough when Warden of the Marches won the City and Suburban for Beckhampton, and I look to Coronach to continue the good work this week. One of the most interesting competitors for the Two Thousand will be the French candidate, War Mist. There is nothing to show us how he compares with his English rivals, nor is it absolutely certain that he is the best three-year-old in Mr. A. K. Macomber's powerful stable. This owner is quite likely to send us formidable competitors for the Derby and the Oaks.

The Fillies' Race

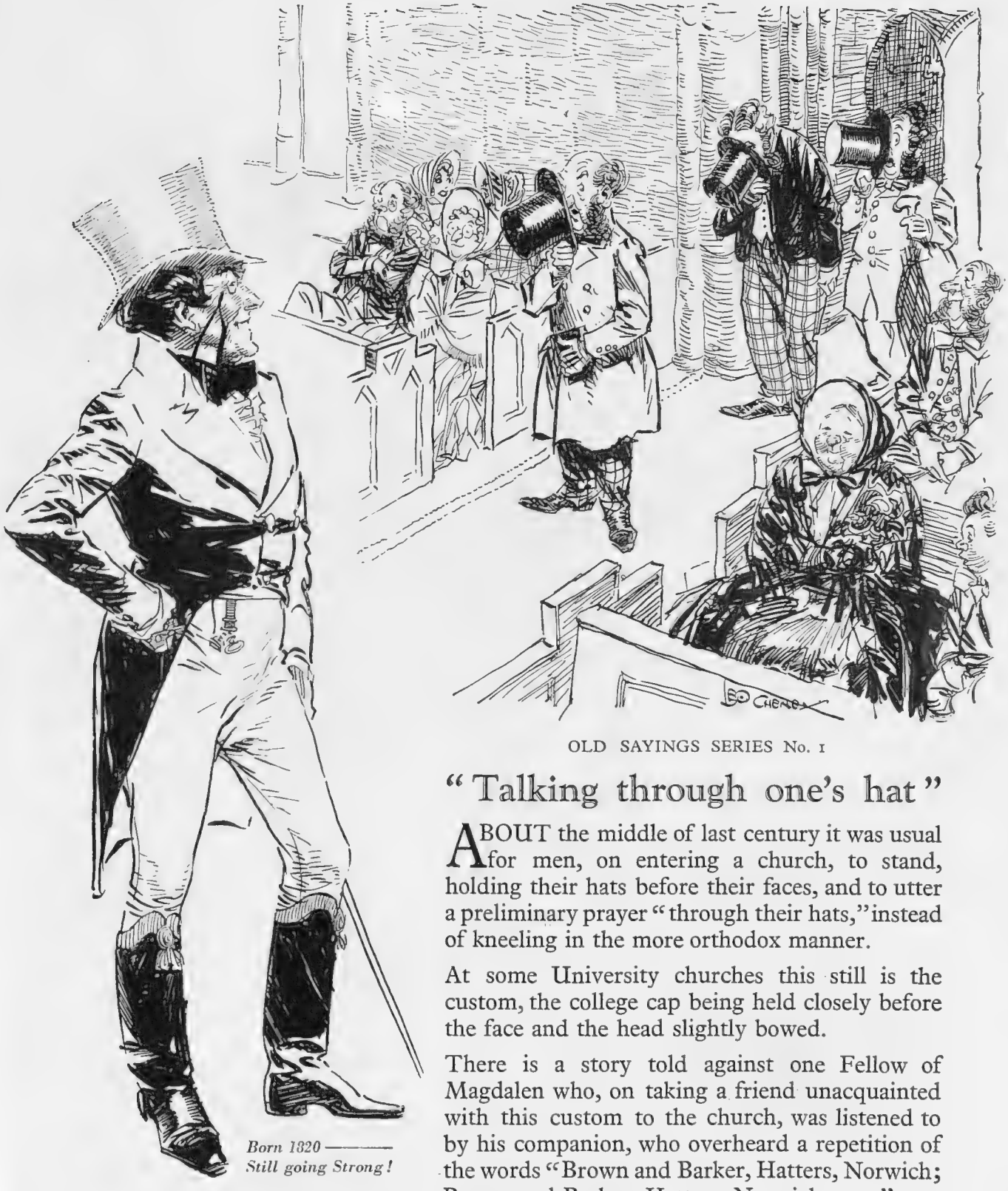
THE best of the French two-year-olds in 1925 was Mr. Edward Esmond's Dorina, and I am curious to see how she will shape against the best of our own fillies in the One Thousand Guineas. Apparently Short Story has not been at her best lately, so Lord Astor has decided that she shall be accompanied in the race by Gay Bird. The Manton stable will have a third string to its bow in Foliation, and I understand that the Whatcombe stable will also have three runners. The best performance of any filly of her age so far this season was that put up by **Karra** a fortnight ago. She is my choice for the big race on Friday, though I must confess that I have a wholesome respect for the capabilities of Dorina.

Famous Horses Recalled

Some of the finest passenger engines on the L.N.E.R., which caters so well for racing people, have been given the names of famous racehorses. The choice of names for these mighty "Pacific" engines range from old-time performers like Blair Athol and Blink Bonny down to such recent classic winners as Manna and Solario.

The Polo Season

The Polo season has already opened, as far as practice games at the clubs are concerned, so those interested in this game will find particular interest in the special Polo Section in next week's "Bystander," published on May 5th. The issue will be a special Summer Sports Number, and will deal exhaustively with all branches of summer sport.



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OLD SAYINGS SERIES No. 1

"Talking through one's hat"

ABOUT the middle of last century it was usual for men, on entering a church, to stand, holding their hats before their faces, and to utter a preliminary prayer "through their hats," instead of kneeling in the more orthodox manner.

At some University churches this still is the custom, the college cap being held closely before the face and the head slightly bowed.

There is a story told against one Fellow of Magdalen who, on taking a friend unacquainted with this custom to the church, was listened to by his companion, who overheard a repetition of the words "Brown and Barker, Hatters, Norwich; Brown and Barker, Hatters, Norwich . . . ."

The most popular saying to-day is
"Johnnie Walker, please!"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

Alfieri

THE SALMON SEASON IN THE NEW FOREST

Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, the wife of the Minister of Transport, salmon fishing on the Test in Hampshire. Mrs. Ashley, who is a keen fisherwoman, is able to take the fullest advantage of this river, as it flows through the grounds of Broadlands, her home just outside Romsey

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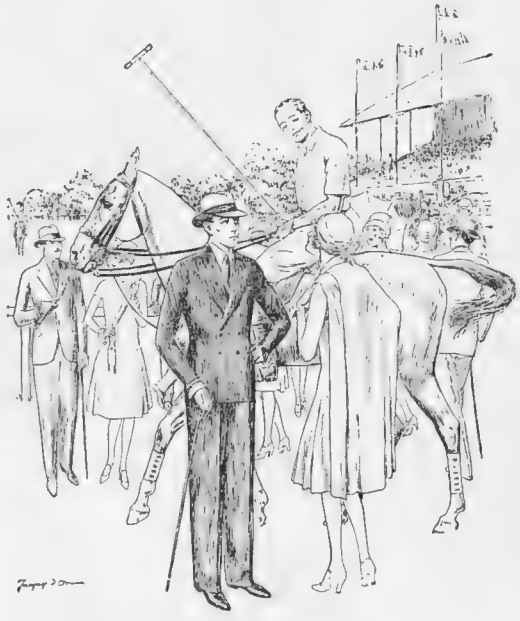

Queen of Clubs

INDIVIDUALITY AND CLOTHES

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

INDIVIDUALITY is the one infallible touchstone which distinguishes quality from mediocrity in clothes.

In the subtle points of style the House of Pope and Bradley has set the fashions of the West End for the last two decades. More is necessary, however, before complete exclusiveness can be rightly claimed.

To achieve this complete exclusiveness for the last six months I have been at work on the origination of a scheme unique in the history of tailoring.

In future, all materials shown by this House will be designed and manufactured exclusively for Pope and Bradley, and will, of course, be unobtainable elsewhere in Britain.

With the collaboration of the finest British manufacturers, my own original ideas of special weaves and blending of colours have now been carried out to perfection.

It is difficult to avoid superlatives, but it is true to say that these cloths represent an exceptional advance in the art of cloth production.

There are literally hundreds of different shades and tones ; the taste of the meticulously dressed man, either modest or gay, is provided for, and each particular cloth has a life and colour of its own.

In order to maintain exclusiveness and individuality, no more than four suit lengths are woven of each design, and of a large number of those now on view at Bond Street only *one* suit length has been specially designed and woven. Such an expensive process of manufacture has never before been attempted, except in isolated cases for Royalty.

In the ordinary course, it would be necessary to charge prohibitive prices for these cloths, but there will be no increase upon those usually charged by my House, for the reason that, although the cost of producing these new materials has been considerable, the manufacturers anticipate that these fine examples of British production will excite a big demand abroad, which will inevitably stimulate their export trade. And it is Britain's export trade which is now of paramount importance.

* * * * * * * *

Any man who wishes may call and see these cloths at his leisure.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
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& ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

Hippocrates, Galen, Arnaldus Villanovanus, Paracelsus, Lucas Bols—thus, briefly, runs the tale of liqueurs, told in the names of famous men. Perhaps, though, the last name were better written simply "Bols," as meaning not only Lucas, but his heirs, who have continued in his tradition since 1575

PURE grain, the pot still, time, and Bols. There is the recipe for the most notable Hollands in the world —Bols Very Old Hollands Gin. It is distilled four several times, this classic spirit, and then Time takes it in its keeping. Its straw colour is the sign and seal of years in the mellow wood. Drink it for the good it does you. Those who are well up in such matters sometimes add a dash of Pommeranz Bitters.

BOLS

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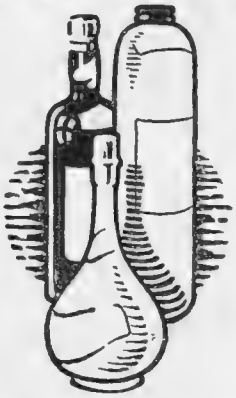

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At the Border Hunt Point-to-Point

THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE AND HIS SON, LORD BOWMONT

THE HON. JEAN AND THE HON. MARJORIE SCOTT (mounted), MISS NANCY TEACHER AND MISS HOPE VERE

Photographs

LADY MINTO WITH HER SISTER, LADY HADDINGTON, AND LORD MINTO

Ian Smith

LORD HAIG CHATTING TO MR. JAMES CURLE

Some of the well-known people who attended the recent Border Hunt Point-to-Point The meeting was held at Lilliesleaf, near St. Boswells

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

WHAT a many-sided writer Mr. Eden Phillpotts is! An epic of poor Dartmoor folk comes from his pen as easily as a character-study of a retired Anglo-Indian judge. He can write a tragedy for the stage or a farce like *The Farmer's Wife*. He can devise the queerest sort of fairy tale for you, or spin you a yarn about a mischievous boy. And, as if this were not enough, he can amuse himself (and you) with a detective "shocker"—admittedly a difficult business which requires definite rules of its own—which shows no sign of the amateur's hand.

It is this last Mr. Phillpotts who wrote *The Marylebone Miser* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Here you have what seems at first to be a murder mystery of the good old kind. Two questions immediately arise. How in the names of Maskelyne and Devant can an old man be murdered in a locked and bolted strong-room of a place with steel walls and no possible means of entrance or exit? And who of the few people who had had anything to do with him in his lifetime, killed the old fellow? Naturally these questions are not answered until the last few pages are reached; but, whereas in most detective stories the detective himself wins and the murderer pays the penalty, here—well, one must not give secrets away. Mr. Phillpotts, however, has given a new twist to the business. You may, or may not, guess who the murderer is and how it is done, but even if your surmise be right, you will not have probed to the root of the mystery. The book is a cunning piece of work, very pleasant to read, and delightfully unusual.

❋

AND talking of murders reminds me that a first novel on my table treats of the crime in a manner that is less common in English fiction than it is in foreign literature. We generally ask for a little mystery. We prefer that the body shall be found some considerable time before the real criminal is discovered. We do not even object to a false accusation or two. In *Payment Deferred* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), on the other hand, Mr. C. S. Forester boldly allows his wretchedly poor and drink-sodden Mr. Marble (who works at a Bank) to murder his rich nephew from Australia in the first chapter, and is chiefly concerned to show you what it feels like to live with the knowledge that your victim's body lies buried at the bottom of your patch of garden.

It may be admitted at once that Mr Forester has "brought it off." He not only writes very well, but with a real sense for drama, that curiously subdued and often nightmarish drama of the background. His Mr. Marble is terrifically real. You felt that you would know the poor devil at once if you met him. You would recognise his wretched little house, and his wife, and his two children—the boy unexpectedly decent, the girl more or less what you expected. And you can understand the ever-growing strain under which he is living. Money comes to him, and pleasure—of a sort. And Mr. Marble is not going to make any mistakes. Oh dear, no! he is far too careful for that.

And yet he is deservedly hanged. But he is not hanged for his crime. That body at the bottom of the garden is still there on the day of his execution, and Mr. Marble has committed no other capital crime. How, then, has the Law stepped in? That is a problem which Mr. Forester has set himself to solve in a really original and very powerful story which should interest both those who enjoy a good thriller and those who ask for something subtler and of a finer grain. For a first book it is singularly finished, and holds out good promise for Mr. Forester's future as a novelist.

❋

DURING the War the poets had the time of their lives. People read verse who had never done such a thing, voluntarily, in their lives before. More, they enjoyed it. But the boom did not last very long. Those slim volumes still appear with the greatest regularity, and some of them find friends amongst the elect, but most of them, I am afraid, fall into a quick consumption and die. Yet there is good work being done which is just as *interesting* as people found it in wartime.

Take, for instance, Mr. Humbert Wolfe's new book, *Humoresque* (Benn: 5*s.* net). I cannot but think that you will obtain great pleasure from its pleasing and fanciful pages. Here, grouped together in such a way as to suggest a stage-play in five acts, is a sequence of delicate and sometimes fantastic lyrics which, apart from their whimsical beauty, tell you a *story*, and a story which will not improbably make a personal appeal to yourself. The characters belong to the old-fashioned harlequinade, but they also belong to you and to the person you once loved. And so with them come old memories, sad sometimes, but also merry, and always gracious and fine. Note the title, and peep into the book. Mr. Wolfe's acquaintance is well worth the making.

❋

INTO the little series of *Essays of To-day and Yesterday* (Harrap) Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings steps in his usual jaunty fashion, and with every appearance of a right to do so. Mr. Hastings, of course, is a born essayist. Like Swift, he can discourse on anything you like—even a broomstick, though preferably a collar-stud. He is wise and witty, and, unlike some timid writers, has a view of his own about everything under the sun.

In these ten essays he scampers delightfully over a wide country. The broken lid of a tobacco jar has apparently wasted much of his time, but his readers will be the gainers. He would like to give "week-middle" instead of week-end parties. He deplores the disappearance of the old second-class carriages on trains, and has discovered that dough is alive. He informs us what things are most often lost by women and men, and adduces a philosophy for such tiresome moments, which should be mightily useful. The little volume, in fact, is "full of good things," and should be presented to every intelligent acquaintance you may happen to possess.

Alfieri

THE PASSING OF A GREAT ACTOR

A camera study of the famous actor-manager, Sir Squire Bancroft, who died last week. Sir Squire, who made his first professional appearance in 1867, was in his eighty-fifth year

BY BERTRAM PRANCE

A "WASH AND BRUSH-UP" AT THE END OF THE SEASON

The LONDON SHOE COMPANY'S *range of new Spring styles*

With the approach of spring every well-dressed woman gives serious attention to the selection of shoes. On their careful choice depends the success, or otherwise, of her new spring frocks. We have always appreciated this at the London Shoe Company and are renowned for the comprehensive variety of styles and fittings which we offer to our customers. We invite you to visit any of our Salons, and inspect our new Spring stock.

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"TELL me," continued Dr. Cheerysoles, "what woman cares to be seen when she has a cold? Not the fairest beauty in the land. And whence come colds? More often than not—from cold, damp feet."

"So regard shoe buying as a very important part of your health and beauty treatment—make sure the shoes you buy are really waterproof by insisting on having Dri-ped Soles."

"Dri-ped Sole Leather is 17 times more waterproof than best bark tanned leather."

"Walk more and gather natural roses to your cheeks—that's a better complexion hint than cosmetics. Your footwear dealer, if he sells Dri-ped Soled Footwear, renders greater service to your good looks and good health than any chemist."

Remember, too, that Dri-ped, the super leather for soles, is guaranteed to wear *at least twice as long* as best ordinary leather of equal thickness.

Dri-ped Soled Footwear in all sizes for men, women, and children may be readily obtained from your footwear dealer. Your repairer can re-sole the shoes you are now wearing with Dri-ped leather.

Always look for the Dri-ped purple diamond stamped every few inches on each sole. In case of difficulty, please write to

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The Super Leather for **SOLES**

Guaranteed Doublewear. Guaranteed Waterproof.

NEW FOOTWEAR AND REPAIRS ℗402

FEMINA

BOIS DE ROSE AND LIPSTICKS

By "CANDIDA"

EVERY year they invent a new colour. Not that there's anything really new about it, for nothing has ever been added to the original lot. Someone did tell me the other day that there's an infinity of colour which our eyes haven't the capacity to see, and that by-and-by there will be people who'll be aware of startling hues in the ether and of new shades in the rain. There may be, but, at present, does it matter very much?

THIS "new colour" business is invaluable. But for it no one could tell whether your frock is really the last word, or only the one before the last. In spite of all the fuss and agitation in Paris and in London, this year's creation is twin sister to last year's. It was impossible to do anything much with the shape, since no one smart has got any, and as to pleats and things in what's left of your skirt, and whether they're on the straight or on the cross, only an expert is ever the wiser, anyway. Of course, there are heaps of new details, but what are details after all? In the best circles it may be frightfully important to wear two buttons on one's coat instead of the usual three, but such "revolutionary changes" are lost on the crowd. It's got to be impressed by some easier method.

HENCE the new colour. Even a man can see at a glance that you're wearing the newest effort when he meets it faithfully reproduced in all the best shop windows in town. Someone wrote to the papers the other day that he had lunched at Claridge's, or somewhere, in company (not exclusively in his, of course) with twenty hats of one colour, a colour he could neither place nor describe. *The* colour, of course, if numbers are anything to go by. Intrigued, or merely politely conversational, he asked its name. It hadn't an English one. Nothing frightfully fashionable ever has. On the day when I shall see a dish called by an English name on the menu—I mean the bill of fare—of a smart restaurant, or find in superior places in Hanover Square a new model described as bishop's purple instead of *violet évêque,* I shall believe in the æsthetic future of England. But meanwhile . . .

MEANWHILE, *the* new colour is *bois de rose,* which isn't saying that it's in the least like rosewood. Looking at it without prejudice (it isn't easy, by the way), I wonder at its success. It isn't even a real colour, as colours go, but halts between two or three, and achieves nothing in particular. From a fairish, greyish beige it wobbles to a dull, ashy pink on to a suppressed sort of brown. It steals a little here, a little there, and the result reminds me somehow of those hotels in France which take on two or three names just for the fun of the thing, or to prevent someone else from having a look in. For instance: *Hôtel Palace et d'Angleterre* is long-winded, but pleases its proprietor, and, presumably, the British *clientèle.* Or there's *Hôtel du Paradis et de la Gare.* When

By Leon Bakst

MME. IDA RUBINSTEIN

An impression by Bakst of the famous French tragedienne, who has been playing in Rome, which is now full of English visitors. Her season in Rome brought Gabriele D'Annunzio from his retreat on Lake Garda to witness her performance in "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," which he wrote for her

Lenare

"WHEN MY SUGAR WALKS DOWN THE STREET"

Marie Holt giving a "slight impression" of that clever comedian, Hal Sherman, in the new version of "Playtime at the Piccadilly." The impressions of famous players given by the Girls are one of the most popular features of the show

you're on the grab you stand to lose your sense of humour.

THE idea is that you can't have too much of a good thing. *Bois de rose,* shading from the palest pink ashes to the deepest old mahogany, is everywhere, on everybody that matters, and on lots who don't. Nothing succeeds like success, you know; and if you've ever wondered why it succeeds, when it doesn't seem to have any more merit than the usual polite failures, you've wasted your time. The merit is there for those who have eyes to see. *Bois de rose* succeeds because it expresses the woman who wears it—expresses with its muddled queerness, its unexpected contradictions, the fashionable untemperamental temperament which some of our newest novelists delight to dishonour. You simply can't imagine a Victorian wearing it.

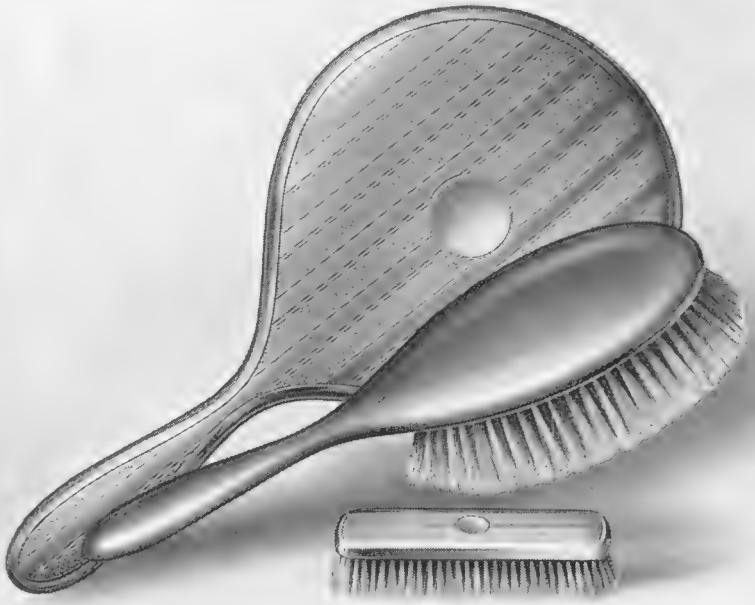
IT isn't sufficient to be *bois de rose,* or *bleu pastel,* or *vert dragé,* from your new *Reboux* hat to the last thing in slippers; your complexion has got to fall into line too. They sell you at the best shops paints and powders which "harmonise," so that the face you were born with hardly matters. The truly conscientious person is never seen without her "colour harmony," no matter where. Last year I went for a motor trip, with such a one to somewhere obscure in France, and we never got within hailing distance of any village without much repairing of damages with special lipsticks and things. It wasn't easy with the car going at a speed they keep only in France, but she never failed to make a gallant attempt. And always there was the same hunt for her lipstick in the unplumbed depths of her bag. Once it was lost outright. We were nearing some small place, with a name I forget, where it was hoped to replace the indispensable. "Never," came the lament, "will they keep my sort in this God-forsaken hole." But they did. At the nearest *parfumeur* the man behind the counter produced her special sort out of a drawerful of two hundred other sorts. "It's extraordinary," she commented afterwards, "they make up even here!" "Why shouldn't they?" said the man of the party. "That's what I'm always telling you," she answered, "and you *will* insist that it's ridiculous in the country. Now I hope you're convinced." He was; or if he wasn't he didn't say so.

CANDIDA.

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

Who has recently set out on another of her journalistic travels, this time to the Balkans and Turkey. Her husband, Sir Robert Hay-Drummond-Hay, has had a distinguished career in the Consular Service

Exceptional Value ~ Sterling Silver Toilet Services



These Sterling Silver Toilet Services, made at Mappin & Webb's London factory, are guaranteed *not* to contain filling material. Each set comprises 2 Hair Brushes, with fine quality Bristles, 1 Hand Mirror, 1 Cloth Brush, 1 Velvet or Hat Brush, 1 Silver-mounted Horn Comb.

Engine-turned. Set complete.	Plain. Set complete.
£10 10 0	£8 15 0

Obtainable separately at the following prices:—

	Engine-turned.	Plain.
Hair Brushes, each... ...	£1 17 6	£1 15 0
Hand Mirror	3 10 0	3 0 0
Velvet or Hat Brush, each	1 5 0	1 0 0
Cloth Brush ...	1 5 0	1 0 0
Comb	17 6	15 0

A Catalogue of Toilet Silver will be sent upon request.

MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd.

London Showrooms: 158-162, Oxford St., W. 1. 2, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4. 172, Regent St., W. 1.

If you sleep with your false teeth in—

Fifteen to twenty minutes in a solution of tepid water and Milton in equal parts, and your falseteeth are thoroughly and surgically clean.

Milton cleans them in the morning while you dress!

The 'Morning Method' works in this remarkably short time merely because you use the stronger solution and because the action of the Milton is speeded up by the use of the tepid water.

Every one of the cleaning processes of the Overnight Method is carried out—the results are exactly the same in every respect.

After the fifteen or twenty minutes, lift your false teeth out, rinse them in cold water and wipe them with a towel. Then look at them. Where is the grease? Where are the food specks? The stains? Milton has dissolved them as thoroughly as it has dissolved every disease germ. The whole plate is *surgically* clean. So the Morning Method gives you morning by morning health, mouth comfort and pure, sweet breath.

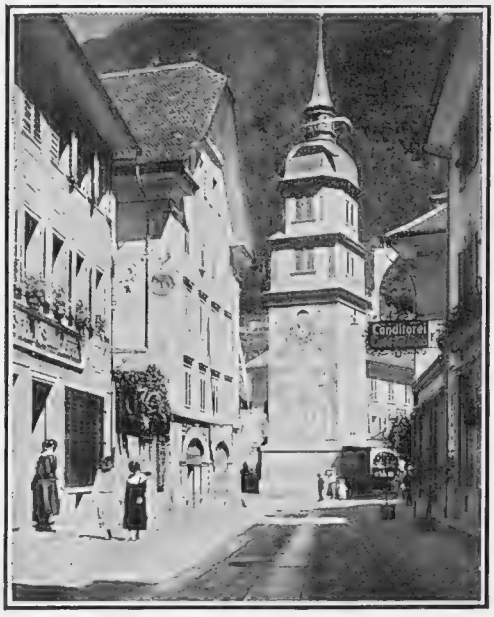
Of all chemists, 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 a bottle.

MILTON *cleans false teeth overnight—or while you dress*

Manufacturers: Milton Proprietary Limited, John Milton House, London, E.C.1

CAMERA NOTES

NEWS AND NOVELTIES



LIGHT AND SHADE
A camera study of Tell's Tower, Altdorf, in Uri

THOUGH a number of novelties will presumably make their first appearance at the Photographic Fair, the present year has already produced many interesting innovations in apparatus and equipment, and at this season brief comment may appropriately be made upon certain of these.

Cheaper Plates and Papers

It is true that plates and papers have recently been slightly reduced in price, but the effect will not reach the great army of snapshot-makers. Roll-films and film-packs remain unchanged, and even with papers the amateur will not gain unless he makes his purchases in gross packets, or deals with sheets of large size. The cut in plates is too modest to have any reaction upon the vogue of films, but for many a plate-user a ten per cent. reduction in the season's plate bill will be acceptable.

The Quest of Speed

The present is a time of phenomenal progress in lens design and great activity in the manufacture of cameras of extreme speed—that is, capacity for taking photographs with very rapid exposures or under most unfavourable conditions. Unfortunately, every advance in lens aperture increases greatly the difficulties met with in their use, and to minimise this effect camera makers have had to revert in their newest designs, almost exclusively to small plate models, allowing of the use of a ground-glass screen for focussing. An exception is the Dallmeyer *f*/2.9 roll-film camera, but apart from this the new "speed" cameras are either reflex models or diminutive folding plate types. This trend of design has given a new lease of life to a vanished pattern, the baby reflex, of which several makes have lately appeared at figures ranging from £25 to £55. These prices will probably seem fabulous; but it is evident that there are not a few photographers who are ready to pay to this tune for the instrument that, in terms of exposures, has one hundredfold the scope of the beginner's box camera.

Popular Introductions

At the other extreme is a cheap German box camera using rolls of cinematographic film upon which 24 diminutive negatives are taken, in the form of individual snapshots. As a happy mean, it would be hard to find a better example of efficiency and sterling value than the new Speed Carbine *f*/4.5 roll-film camera at £8 8s., whilst a similar very attractive newcomer from France is the Pathé Perfect. Two new British film-packs—and a third that is on the way—represent a British bid for trade that has previously gone to the foreign maker, and the vigorous publicity that is being given to roll-films, such as the Ilford, which proved their excellence last year, shows that the British maker has faith in the power of his products to win favour on their merits.

T. L. J. BENTLEY.

"The Beauty that outwits Time"

a conversation with

MISS EVA MOORE

A Gentle, Charming Lady.

A very gentle, charming lady is Miss Eva Moore—a well-loved favourite of both London and Provincial audiences. She brings on to the stage a quiet soothing atmosphere—the sweetness of her personality seems to flood the theatre—calmly and placidly she gets her effects with the smallest effort; a turn of the head, a slight movement of the hand, a tiny ripple of a laugh. Her successes during her long connection with the stage, either alone or with her famous husband, the late Mr. E. V. Esmond, are too numerous to mention—"The Bat," "Eliza Comes to Stay," "Mary Mary Quite Contrary," right back to the first days of "Our Boys" and "The Don." At the time of this interview Miss Moore was concluding a very happy and successful run at the Savoy with "The Unfair Sex" and was already preparing for a part in another production, the title of which was still a secret. Miss Moore still rejoices in a delightfully pink and white complexion — a girlish complexion — which she attributes to a happy, contented disposition and Pond's Two Creams.

Sasha, Ltd.

"I do not believe in fussing."

"I am not one of those," said Miss Moore, "who believe in fussing over the complexion. I admit that it is a very important thing for a young girl that she should have a nice, fresh clear skin, but at the same time I maintain that she *will* have a fresh clear skin naturally if, first, her general health is good and, second, if the pores and tissues of her skin are kept clean and free."

Keep the skin cells clean.

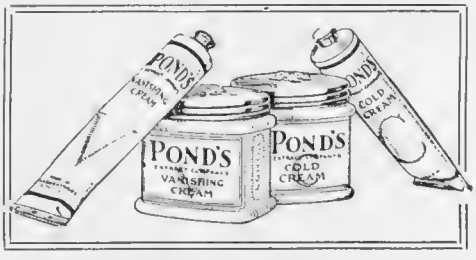
"Your opinion," I remarked, "is that there is one proper way of looking after the skin which enables it to function as it should, and so develop and preserve the beauty which is latent in every woman's skin?"

"Correct care of the skin," insisted Miss Moore, "consists in keeping the skin cells *perfectly clean*—I am convinced of that. To dislodge all those impurities which work their way beneath the surface and clog the pores—*suffocate* the skin—*that* should be a woman's first consideration. Pond's Cold Cream will do this. Pond's Cold Cream *thoroughly* cleanses the skin as soap and water alone cannot do. It soothes the skin, leaving it soft and supple."

"Do you consider that keeping the skin clean beneath the surface is the only necessity to keeping its appearance lovely?"

"I think it is the most important. At the same time there are one or two supplementary 'necessities' which I think should be mentioned. For instance a little massage when applying Pond's Cold Cream at night—a stroking method round the eyes and mouth helps to smooth out lines—a gentle tapping with the finger tips helps the cream into the pores and stimulates the blood cells."

Eva Moore



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS. USED BY COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF WOMEN TO MAKE AND KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE.

In addition—a daytime cream.

"Then again it seems to me foolish, after having got the surface of the skin into a delightfully delicate smooth condition by nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, to leave it at the mercy of wind, sun and rain without taking steps to protect it. So I agree Pond's are right when they advocate their daytime cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream. This is an exquisite protective cream—it is pleasant to use and it does prevent roughness, redness, sunburn and other blemishes which are bound to come unless the skin is looked after. During my holidays (alas! too rare, for I am always very busy) in Switzerland I can light-heartedly face whole long lovely days in that cold exhilarating air without a thought for my complexion. With the holiday season coming on" (it was in the Spring that I saw Miss Moore) "this is a point worth remembering—cover your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out."

TWO GOLDEN RULES.

1. Before retiring to rest at night apply Pond's Cold Cream to the face, neck, hands and arms. After a few moments remove the cream with a soft cloth or a wad of cotton wool—all the impurities from deep down in the pores will come away with it.

2. On convenient occasions during the day use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It keeps the skin fresh-looking and prevents roughness, redness, sunburn, and other blemishes caused by exposure. It is delightfully fragrant with the perfume of Jacqueminot roses. Pond's Two Creams do *not* promote the growth of hair on the face.

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER.

Fill up this coupon and post it, together with 2d. in stamps. We will send you by return of post sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, sufficient to prove their beneficial effect. All Chemists and Stores sell Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, in handsome opal jars, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., and in tubes, 7½d. (for handbag) and 1s.; the Cold Cream, also in extra large tubes, 2s. 6d.

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Generous Trial Samples.

To Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 471), 103, St. John Street, London, E.C.1.

I enclose twopence in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me your *TRIAL TUBES* of *POND'S COLD CREAM* and *POND'S VANISHING CREAM*, together with your Home Massage Chart.

Name .....

Address .....

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

"CLAIMING THE REST"

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

SOME players are in such a terrific hurry to get on with the game that they have a habit half-way through a hand of throwing their cards on the table and saying: "I give you two tricks or three tricks" (as the case may be), "and take the rest."

Now this is all very well for the Declarer when he sees and knows for *certain* the exact position. But it is also often very disconcerting to the adversaries to whom things may not be quite so clear. They may not think it polite to dispute the Declarer's assertion, or they may hesitate to acknowledge themselves less quick than he, or they may challenge the claim and ask him to play the cards out.

I have seen a bustling player claim the rest of the tricks and the opponents meekly gave in, although, if played out, he must have lost one trick. He no doubt acted in good faith. I have also seen one of these hurricane players throw down his hand and say, "I can't possibly get any more," when he could.

. . . . . .

Frequently it is the case of "more haste less speed." Discussions arise, and instead of getting on to the next deal more quickly the whole table is delayed

On this matter of claiming the rest I find there are various misconceptions. Law 69 states that "Should the Declarer indicate that all or any of the remaining tricks are his, he may be required to place his cards face upwards on the table, and to play them from there; but they cannot be called. The Declarer may not then call any cards which his adversaries may have exposed, nor take any finesse unless he announces it before placing his cards on the table."

But this law does not mean that if the Declarer made a mistake he cannot afterwards rectify it.

. . . . . .

And yet in this matter I have seen the adversaries placidly accept the position when they knew the Declarer was mistaken. It is true by Law 70 if *all* the players throw their cards on the table face upwards the hands are abandoned and the score must be left as claimed and admitted. But if the Declarer throws his cards on the table and makes a mistake of *fact* it is up to the adversaries to correct him then and there.

. . . . . .

Then there is misunderstanding about the Declarer's right to take a finesse after he has thrown his cards on the table.

It is argued that Declarer cannot be said to have taken a finesse where he has placed the King, as he thinks *for certain*, in a particular hand because the other player has failed to follow suit on a previous round.

To make my meaning quite clear take this case.

Z (the Declarer) claims the rest of the tricks. In Dummy are the Ace and Queen of Hearts. A holds King and another Heart. B has already renounced in the suit. But because Z claims the rest of the tricks A says, "Oh no. Now you cannot finesse against me, and I must make the King of Hearts."

"But," argues Z, "as I know that B has not a Heart at all, my play is not a finesse."

"Yes it is," replies A, "you propose to finesse against my King, and as you have put your cards on the table you can't do it."

This may seem hair splitting, but as a matter of fact A was perfectly right according to the laws. If *before* putting his cards on the table Z had said, "I am playing the Queen of Hearts from Dummy unless you (A) play the King," the matter would have been in order. But as Z made no such claim he could not play in this way.

If you think it out this is quite fair. Strictly speaking in this particular case Z is not making a finesse if he knows for *certain* that the King is with A. But unless the adversaries' hands are exposed he cannot be absolutely certain. Suppose B has revoked and holds the King all the time. Such cases do exist. It is very much better to play out the cards than to claim the rest.

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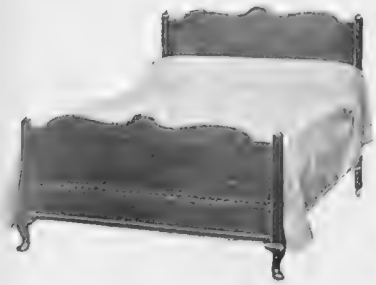

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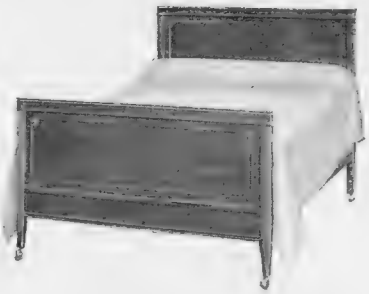

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WOMEN WHO WIN

A SEALYHAM'S S.O.S.

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE ancient city of Chester holds doggy revel to-day (Wednesday), its Show having attracted good entries in most breeds. This day week (May 5) brings the beginning of Dog carnival on a big scale at Olympia: first, a day given exclusively to Terriers, and then the two-day annual Show of the L.K.A.—all varieties—which will be the most important this enterprising organisation has yet staged, including as it does the exhibitions of several specialist clubs. The growth of the Ladies' Kennel Association, like that of the Ladies' Branch of the Kennel Club, is a natural outcome of the wonderful post-War increase in the ranks of lady exhibitors and Dog-Breeders.

Doggy folk who are in any doubt about this and other features of recent progress should study the 1926 issue of The Kennel Club Calendar and Stud Book, the fullest and most admirably compiled of all its fifty-three issues. The list of prize-winning exhibitors throughout 1925 is something of a revelation, and calculated to startle any surviving old stagers who still cherish the notion that, as breeders and exhibitors, doggy women confine themselves to "Toys." Before looking up the smaller varieties, consult the lists of the Hounds and the biggest Dogs, and, frequently among breeders, constantly among owners and exhibitors, you will find women's names to the fore all along the line, from duchesses to dairy-maids—ex-kennel-maids, anyhow. Their achievement in 1925 was most striking, and to it the present unprecedented prosperity of British dogdom owes much.

To them, as to all present-day breeders and exhibitors, every sincere amateur of Dogs offers, along with his and her congratulations, this appeal: Serve loyally, and guard jealously, all those fine and sportsmanlike traditions and unwritten laws which in the past have given to British Dog-breeding and Dog-showing the highest and cleanest standards known to fanciers in any part of the world. Set your faces like steel against all fakes, freaks, and favouritism, remembering always that the Dog, the Dog himself's the thing; that his future's in your hands; that his great merit never has or will owe anything to camouflage or trimmings.

An urgent S.O.S. reached "The Kennelman" last week from a household whose Sealyham member had presented it with a family of eleven little Sealyhams—her own and the household's first experience of canine motherhood. Well-bred and well-disposed, the Sealyham was doing her loyal best, but, very naturally, the adequate nutrition of eleven youngsters was beyond her. The only thing wrong with the pups was unsatisfied hunger.

A telephone call to a Foster Mother provider advertising in the doggy weeklies brought an admirable little mongrel Collie foster by passenger train that evening, and during the night five of the Sealyham pups were happily established at her ample dugs, leaving five for the mother's own care:—one had died—a quite large enough brood for a young nursing mother. Novices please note.

Unless there's strong pre-natal evidence that the expected family will be very small, always secure advance option on the services of a trustworthy Foster; in fairness alike to the dam and the expected pups. Economically considered, the hiring fee is nothing beside the advantages gained.

Stands the Racket!

YOU can't knock the stuffing out of this fellow! He's airtight and waterproof, of course. He's seamless (he was the *original* seamless ball) and he's covered with the finest Melton. There's the rub! Our friend has a hide like an elephant's, for toughness. Wash him again and again; play him for 200 sets; you'll still find him come up smiling.

Price 21/- per dozen,
at all Stores and Sports Outfitters.

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NOTE:—Wisden's "TOURNAMENT" and "ROYAL" Tennis Balls (at 22/- per dozen) have passed every official test and are the aristocrats of the tennis world. They are slightly softer to the racket than the "Standard" and are the perfect balls for tournament players.

On the Road—*let* The Autocar Maps *help you*

Specially prepared for "The Autocar" by Messrs. J. Bartholomew & Co.

"The Autocar" Sectional Road Map of England and Wales.

This map is divided into 24 sections, each with a key map printed on the back, and is supplied in a case. NEW FEATURES: Contours are now indicated in full colours on each section. Road numbers are given, and all new roads, including arterial roads are shown. In Stout Waterproof Case, price **6/6** net. By post **6/10**. In Leather Case, Celluloid Front, price **15/-** net. By post **15/6**

"The Autocar" Half-Inch Map of England & Wales.

Scale 2 miles to the inch. Mounted on cloth, "dissected," i.e., cut up into segments, thus avoiding cracking at the folds. The whole of England and Wales is covered in 37 sheets. Price per section **4/-** net. By post **4/2**

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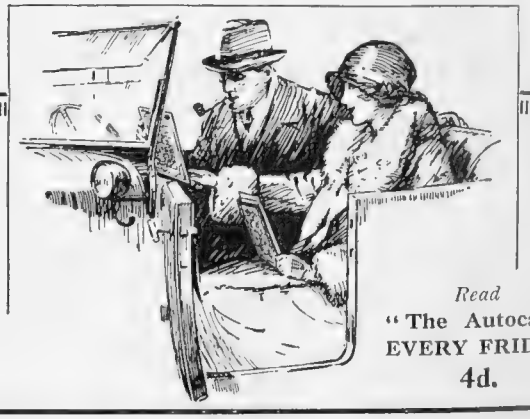

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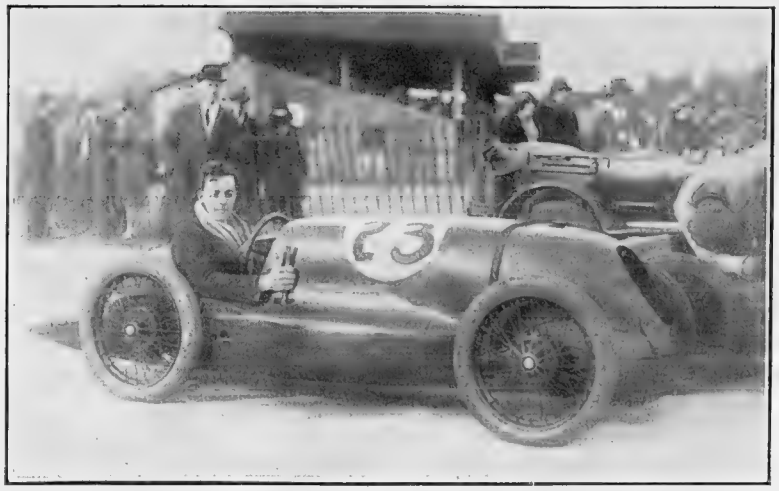
MOTOR NOTES



MR. S. J. BASSETT

The well-known racing motorist, photographed in the enclosure at Brooklands. Mr. Bassett is responsible for all the Austin Racing Models, which are converted by Messrs. Gordon England, Ltd., makers of the "Brooklands Seven" model

THE recent reduction in the price of tyres was most welcome, and served to a certain extent to offset the increase in the price of fuel. Modern tyres are, however, so reliable and possess such a long life that the reduction in first cost will have very little effect on the actual running costs. There is, however, a possibility of saving on the purchase of oil. I do not suggest the buying of unknown brands because they happen to be cheap, but it is now possible to obtain the well-known grades either from bulk storage or from sealed cans, the latter method appealing to many motorists, as they are certain of obtaining the correct make, grade and quantity.

***

A TRIAL of an entirely new model is always of particular interest. When this new model is produced by makers of well-established reputation the interest is considerably increased. Thus it was that I set out one bright morning recently looking forward with great anticipation to a trial of the new two-litre Fourteen-Sixty Lagonda. This car is a new model from start to finish, and includes some of the latest and most up-to-date features of design, notably twin overhead camshafts, hemispherical combustion chambers, four wheel brakes, and a centralised system of chassis lubrication. My preliminary interest was more than justified once I got the car on the road. It is extremely fast and wonderfully smooth in its running, while such features as steering, braking, and gear changing have just that correct "feel" which is so satisfactory to the discriminating driver.

***

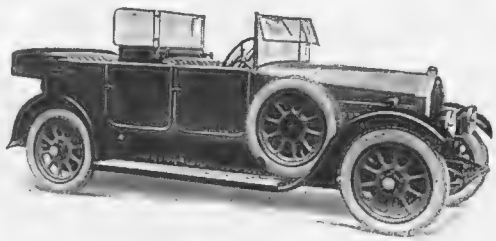
THE Lagonda is a glutton for hills. After I had successfully climbed all my usual test-hills at a most encouraging rate of speed we left the beaten track and tried quite freak climbs up rutty lanes and on virgin grass, but, as long as the wheels of the Lagonda could grip it would climb steadily, and either fast or slow, as the driver desired. As regards maximum speed, the speedometer needle often went over the 70 mark, a wonderful performance for a two-litre touring car. The suspension is good either at high or low speeds, while the steering is fascinatingly light. The Lagonda should make a strong appeal to those who like comfortable touring, who require a good turn of speed, and who, on occasion, take a technical interest in their driving.

***

AS an addition to H.M. the King's fleet of Daimler cars already in service, Stratton-Instone, Ltd., have been honoured with instructions to supply, for His Majesty's personal use, a 35-120 h.p. Daimler chassis fitted with a brougham body by Hooper and Co. The car, provided with two extra folding seats, will be painted in the Royal colours and upholstered in blue leather.

(*Continued on page 298*)

SPECIAL HUMBER WEEK



APRIL 26th to MAY 1st

Humber

If unable to call, write for Booklet giving full information, it will interest you.

Cars will be the special exhibit in CAR MART'S Park Lane Showrooms during the week mentioned above, when every model of this sterling British product will be on view.

This presents a unique opportunity to inspect all the different Humber models under one roof, any of which can be supplied on Deferred Payments spread over a period UP TO 3 YEARS.

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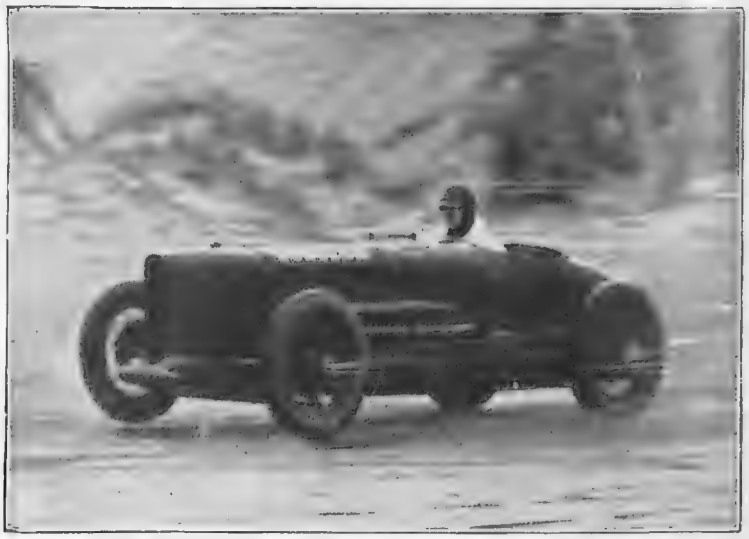

Major H. O. D. Segrave driving the Sunbeam Car which holds the World's Record Speed 152.3 m.p.h.

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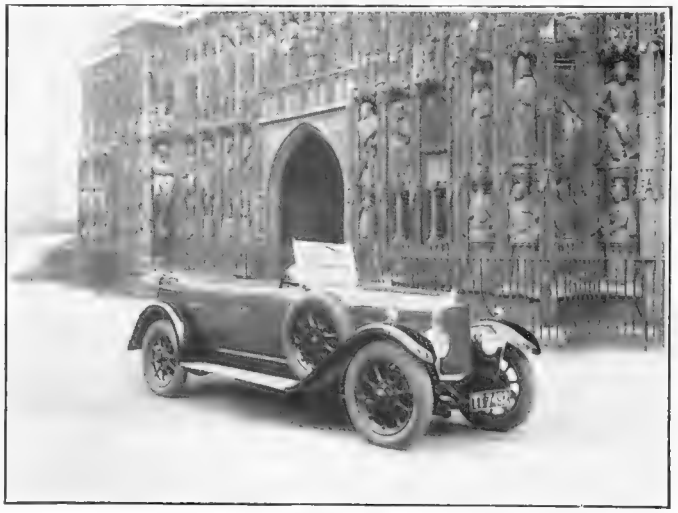
THE successful termination of the Court-Treatt Cape-to-Cairo Expedition by car marked one of the greatest motoring achievements of modern times. Two Crossley cars were driven from Cape Town to Cairo, meeting with many apparently insurmountable difficulties on the way. The story of the journey is told in a tasteful booklet just published by Crossley Motors, Ltd. The illustrations alone will make the average motorist wonder how the cars got through at all. Copies may be obtained free on application to Crossleys.

* * *

THE instruction books issued with the various makes of car vary very widely in their usefulness. Some consist of little else than an oiling chart, while others are comparatively massive volumes which give information regarding the entire reconstruction of the car. Somewhere betwixt and between, and, in my opinion, striking the correct balance is the descriptive manual of the 21 h.p. Lanchester, which has just been published. It is written in simple language and contains a colossal number of illustrations, and amply fulfills the purpose for which it was published.

* * *

THE entrance of the 7 h.p. Fiat to the British market at the last Olympia Exhibition caused somewhat of a sensation. The stories of its performances had anticipated its arrival, and the greatest interest was expressed as to its probable behaviour in the hands of private owners. Motorists will therefore be pleased to know that this model is now well in production, and very early deliveries of the Torpedo model can be obtained. Already one sees quite a respectable number of these cars on the road.



IN DEVON

The new 14-60 h.p. Semi-Sports Touring Lagonda. The photograph was taken outside Exeter Cathedral

* * *

OWNERS of Sunbeam cars who use them in France will be interested to know that certain repairers are recommended by the Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ltd., for overhaul, etc. It is usually difficult to obtain specialised service in a foreign country, but Sunbeam owners in France will know that they will receive expert attention should their cars require it. A leaflet giving a list of the recommended repair depots may be obtained from the Sunbeam Co.

* * *

AN 8.3 h.p. Renault recently made an excellent performance on the Miramas track. Subject to the usual confirmation, it broke the 10,000 miles record, its actual running time being 203 hours 22 minutes. The average speed was slightly over 79 kilometres per hour, and had been maintained at 81 up to the last hours. I understand that the car was absolutely standard except for its back axle ratio.

* * *

THE Chrysler "Six" has many unique features, among which may be mentioned the air-cleaner for the carburetter, the oil filter and purifier for the lubrication system, the tubular front axle, and the Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes. The external finish is extremely good, the dashboard with fittings being almost a work of art. The Chrysler is a very useful car for averaging high speeds on the public roads, with every safety to all concerned. It does not roll on corners, and it has remarkable acceleration, and hill-climbing capacity.

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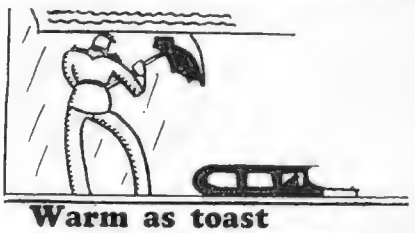

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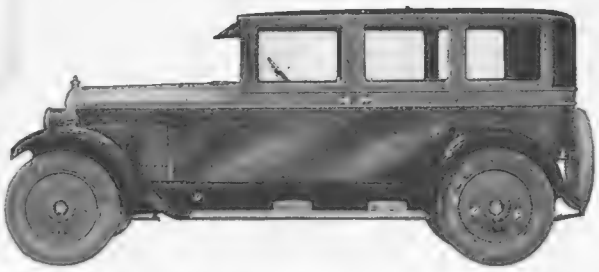

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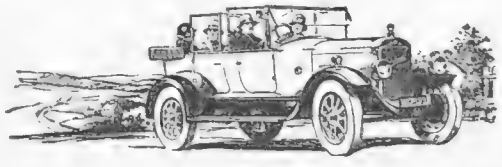

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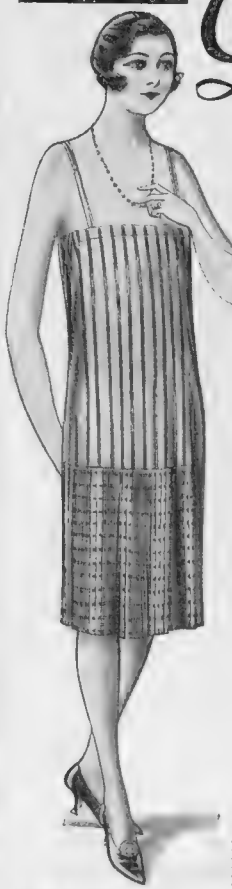

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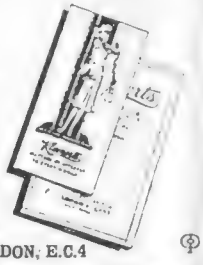

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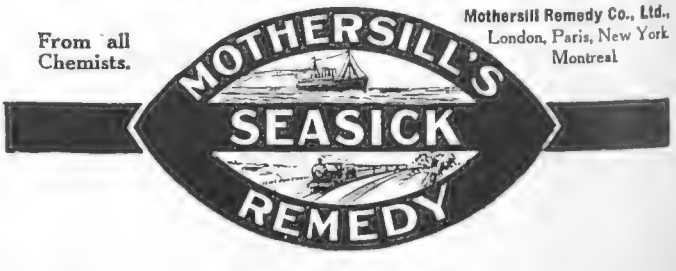

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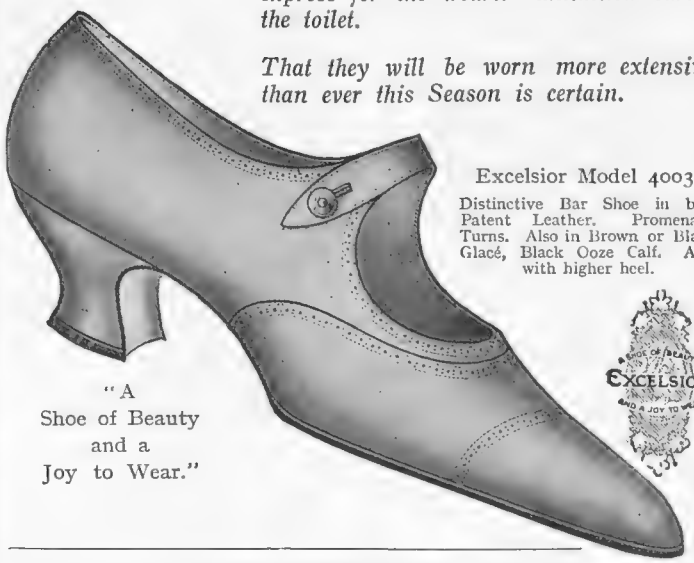
(BENCH MADE) FOR LADIES

Shoes are conspicuous. And French fashion experts have accordingly decreed that this Season, shoes and hosiery will match the gown more closely than ever before.

Excelsior Shoes, associated with the rarest and most beautiful materials, perfect in every detail, fashioned in exquisite designs, express for the wearer unlimited care in the toilet.

That they will be worn more extensively than ever this Season is certain.

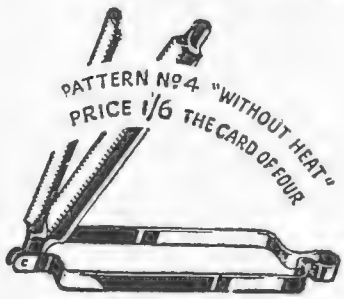


Excelsior Model 4003.
Distinctive Bar Shoe in best Patent Leather. Promenade Turns. Also in Brown or Black Glacé, Black Ooze Calf. Also with higher heel.

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear."

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining Excelsior Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers: G. F. HUTCHINGS & CO., LTD., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL

"Nature alone won't wave the hair, Hindes Wavers, too, must do their share."



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for Shingled *and* Bobbed Hair

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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

The Very Latest in Wrap-coats for all Occasions

THE slogan of the moment in dress circles is simplicity, an expression, however, that is only brought out to real perfection under the most expert auspices and in the most exclusive materials.

Given these, there is no need to rush into and rely on extravagant forms and elaborate decorations, as may be judged by the many new straight models being shown at Jay's, Regent Street, W., where the cut, fit and finish are faultless.

There is a rather rough tweed in tones of chocolate-brown and beige, with fine interwoven lines of red and orange that has a straight back and a narrow inset band introduced from the side seams, and is completed by a red-lacquered gardenia in the left-hand button-hole.

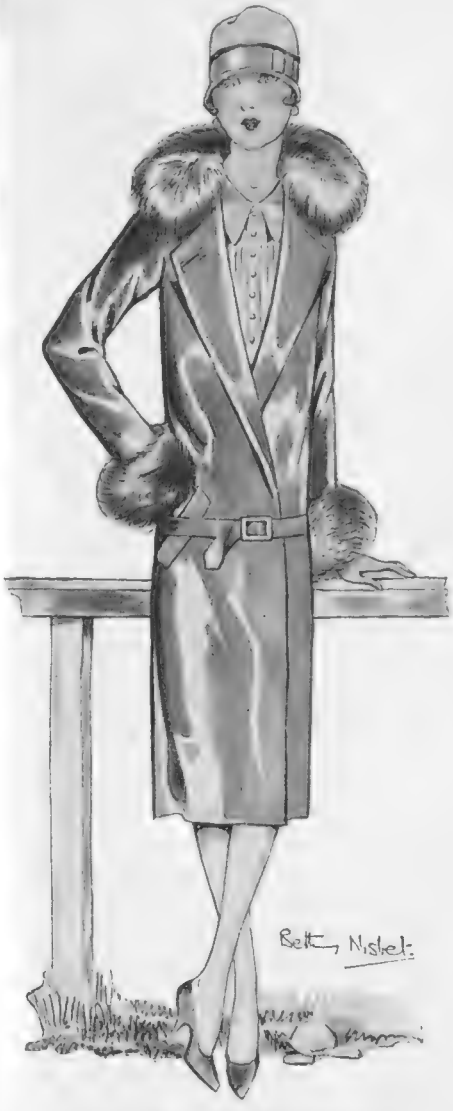
Quite a number of these slim coats have short capes, an interesting case in point being illustrated. This, in a charming beige fancy tweed, is sleeveless, the accompanying cape having a border of lynx fur, the whole lined throughout with *crêpe de Chine* in tone. A similar model finds expression in combinations such as *bois de rose* and pale beige, powder-blue and white, etc. A supremely useful covert coating wrap, modelled on freer, more sporty lines, boasts a cuddly collar and front facings of chipmunk fur.

For more *habillé* occasions the very last word are quilted coats of taffetas and a new silk known as Burma, that is something between a *crêpe de Chine* and a taffetas.

A fascinating creation of this in navy blue is quilted in waved lines from hem to hips, a treatment that reappears in collar and cuffs. A black taffetas is quilted in diagonal lines surrounded by a sort of framework of close, fine lines of stitching, a touch of gold *galon* occurring on collar and cuffs. Perfectly straight and slim, the fronts are caught with a tie bow at one side.

Fashioned of a double-faced black satin is a smart visiting wrap, one front shaped shorter than the other, so that two quite distinct aspects are attained. A delicate blonde fox outlines all the edges and wide sleeves.

The Maison Jay, as goes without saying, are featuring a number of cloaks. One of black romain is mounted on a deep, shapely yoke with a hem of beige fox fur. A beige cloth with a zibeline finish, a circular affair, reveals, on close inspection, a series of shaped gores which, after fitting the shoulders closely, gradually widens out. A neat little upstanding collar of real nutria adds a delightful finishing touch. This, as are the majority of cloaks, is unlined.



FOR HARD WEAR

A weather-resisting coat, by Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street. It is of nigger-brown chrome leather, lined throughout with tweed and trimmed with natural opossum collar and cuffs. The coat is also made without the fur

Sketches by Betty Nisbet

Nothing Like Leather

ASK any keen motorist you like, and they all will tell you the same thing, that there is absolutely nothing to surpass a leather coat. Leather is impervious to all types of weather, and especially a chrome quality, of which superior article the model sketched at Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, is built. It is in a pleasant shade of nigger-brown, lined throughout with tweed and trimmed with natural opossum collar and cuffs.

Representing as this does an almost lifetime possession, it is well worth 24 guineas, and without the fur the cost is only 10 guineas.

Apparently leather coats are intriguing the Aquascutum people considerably, as they have brought out an even cheaper quality in the most delightful shades of both light and dark blue, reds, and several shades of brown. These, again, are excellent value and of rather lighter weight, which some may prefer for the summer months.

Needless to say, the customary demand has set in for the firm's famed polo-tennis coat, especially in the natural shade of camel fleece, tweeds likewise finding favour for this splendid sporting wrap, both of which keep cleaner longer than the conventional white.

AN OUT-DOOR NOTE

A sleeveless coat of beige fancy tweed, by Jay's, of Regent Street, W. The accompanying cape has a border of lynx fur, and the whole is lined with crêpe de Chine in tone

Because Aquascutum are renowned for turning out such perfect work and have their own exclusive materials, some imagine they are outrageously expensive, whereas their well-known "Field" coat is the best value and the cheapest wrap to be found at from 3½ guineas. This has been in existence long enough fully to prove its worth.

Then there is the "Inverary" model, one of the smartest models of the season which has a cape. Ready-to-wear or made to order, in a variety of tweeds, are coats and skirts from 10 guineas, similar suits in that incomparable Aquascutum coming out at 12 guineas.

Women, particularly those who reside mostly in the country and live an open-air existence, and are exigeant about their tailor-mades, need never look further than Aquascutum.

The Comfort and Efficiency of Wardrobe Trunks

YET another leaf has to be added to the wreath crowning the house of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., since they have been appointed the sole agents in Great Britain for the original "Innovation" trunks,

together with all other travelling requisites designed and made by this particular firm.

Adequate space being unavailable in the main building in Wigmore Street, special showrooms have been opened at 67-71, Welbeck Street, where everything of the latest, most modern, and exclusive is to be viewed for road, rail, or steamer.

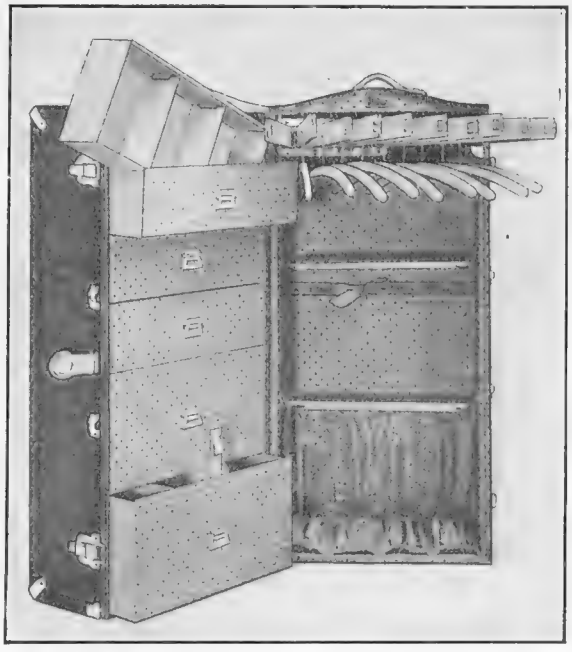
The Americans, being the travellers they are, early realised the inestimable convenience and comfort of the "Innovation" trunk. And just when we in England were beginning to nibble at the notion, the War intervened and stopped all supplies, a very regrettable loss that is now, however, being rapidly remedied. A full supply is guaranteed of the original wardrobe trunk, enhanced in value by several improvements and brought out at a more accessible price.

There are four sizes and qualities, ranging in price from 6½ guineas. All are weather and waterproof, and complete in every single detail, whether that sum is expended on the trunk *de luxe* is indulged in.

Until one has travelled with an "Innovation" it is impossible to gauge its value, but, once experienced, away go all ordinary boxes. From start to finish of a journey, be it long or short, one's clothes are always available and always on view. Any article can be extracted with the utmost ease and without disturbing the rest. The hangers for the longer garments swing out on a pivot, and will accommodate at least 24 to 25 dresses, coats, or pairs of trousers. A series of drawers, locking automatically from the top one, provides for all the various smaller articles.

In fact, the "Innovation" is literally a portable wardrobe, and quite incredibly light considering its capacity, and in which clothes are not only kept in order and sequence, but actually preserved. The flimsiest frock can travel for hundreds of miles and emerge from an "Innovation" in the same pristine freshness it was put in, an adjustable bar ensuring that all hanging garments are held securely in place when the hangers are slung back. A space below receives boots and shoes.

As the whole affair is closely patented, it will be at once clearly understood that only at 69-71, Welbeck Street can the original and perfected wardrobe trunk be obtainable, and the earlier this splendid project is appreciated, the better for all who would learn what travelling in absolute comfort and convenience means. An "Innovation" is not a luxury, but a real economy in the end. It saves time and trouble, and most unquestionably saves clothes.



TRAVELLERS' JOY

One of the cleverly designed "Innovation" Trunks, from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.1, who are the sole agents in Great Britain for the original "Innovation." These trunks are made in all sizes and qualities

How to Avoid Wearing Spectacles

THE many who know of and have benefited by Madame Eve's method of exercises for maintaining a youthful appearance will be interested to hear how she has evolved recently a series for the eyes.

(*Continued on page x*)

"She shall have Music wherever she goes"

Regd.

Most gramophones will now be little used until the Winter. Not so the Decca. It enters into its busiest season. Here, there and everywhere it goes, adding to the gaiety of the picnic, the day on the river, the week-end on the Broads, the holiday at the Seaside or in the Country.

The Decca is so light and compact you can take it with you anywhere. Musically it is excellent—you could wish for nothing better. It has the full tone and the clear reproduction of gramophones many times its size and price.

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Ask for Tritex No. 560—in the new subdued shades—price 6s. 11d. per pair. Or a heavier weight at 8s. 11d. per pair. At all fashion shops.

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SILK STOCKINGS

For the "thé dansant," "at home," races, tennis parties, and all smart occasions wear Tritex—for your own inward satisfaction.

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Be young Again . . .

Remember life's headiest joys are for the young . . . . She who has learned how to live will not be cheated of youth by early grey hair. If your hair betrays you, put it in harmony with your spirit by using

L'ORÉAL

The Only Guaranteed Harmless Colour Restorer of the Hair

See some wonderful results at L'ORÉAL ENQUIRY BUREAU, 9, Dering Street, New Bond Street, where a French expert gives free advice daily from 2 to 6 p.m., involving no obligation on your part to apply our method; or ask for free booklet.

L'ORÉAL is applied at, and obtainable from, all hairdressers and Department Stores. Beware of substitutes and make sure that the blue tin is used.

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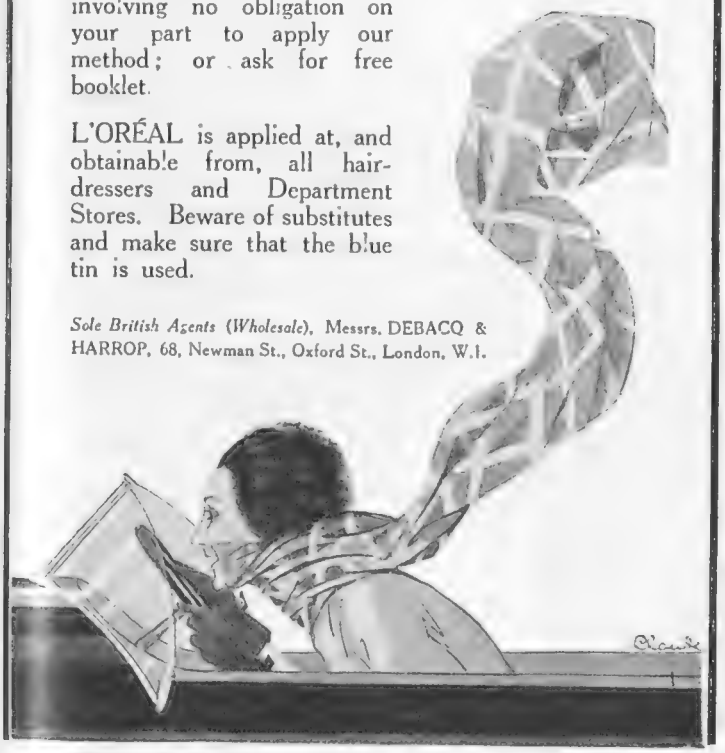

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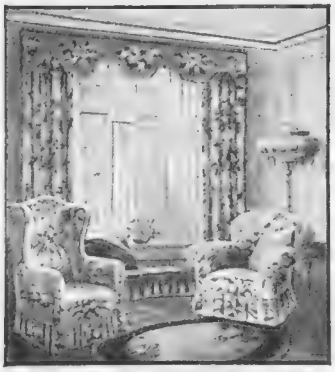
CHARM
In Artistic Furnishings



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Resist Tropical Sun, "Sunpruf" Sea Air and Washing

UNFADABLE FABRICS

THESE original Unfadable Fabrics, prefixed with the word "SUN," are guaranteed for three years. Any colour failing to meet this guarantee will be replaced.

CASEMENT CLOTHS, 1/2½.
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HUNDREDS of other makes and qualities to select from.

WRITE for the most comprehensive range, stating requirements.

"ROCK PHEASANT" CRETONNE

A good 3/11 Cretonne for 1/11½ per yd., 31 ins. wide. On grey or black ground. Same design in Shadow Tissue, 4/6 for 2/11 per yd.

THE "WARWICK" CHAIR.

Exceptionally Comfortable. With Tight Cover in Cretonne, 37/6.
Or with Loose Cover (as illustration), 62/6.

WRITE for a copy of "THE HOME BEAUTIFUL." Delightfully coloured. Gratis and Post Free.

CRETONNES FOR CURTAINS AND COVERS.
Charming Designs and Colours,
11¾d. to 21/- per yard.
Patterns on Approval.

Deferred Payments For Furniture on Advantageous Terms

THE "ALVESTAN" SIDEBOARD
In Specially Selected Figured Oak. Of sound clean finish. Rich in effect.
5 ft. £22 15 0.

DINING TABLE
6 ft. × 3 ft. 6 ins. £14 19 6
4 small and 1 Carving Chair, £25 10 0.

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The finest Beach in Europe.

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SEPTEMBER will be reserved for BIG SPORTS AND ARTISTIC EVENTS

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200 Rooms with Bath
1st CLASS HOTEL
WILL be OPEN Next JULY

3,000 VILLAS - BIG HOTELS - TENNIS
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Three expresses daily including one night train with sleeping-car from the Quai d'Orsay station, Paris
SPLENDID ROAD VIA CHARTRES, LE MANS, ANGERS, NANTES

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

is an absolute necessity for the HAIR

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3s 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London

So long as there is no structural trouble or defect these exercises, judging from the many unsolicited testimonials received, are as fully efficacious as are those for the neck, face, and throat. Clients who have relied upon glasses for years have, through the aid of this treatment, cast aside their specs., and can see as well as they ever did, even those well advanced in years.

Once spectacles are taken to, it is an admitted fact they become a complete hobby, fear and imagination frequently playing serious parts. Madame Eve's eye exercises are extremely simple; and that they have been tested and approved by several West End doctors adds further kudos to their claims. One writes, "Your eye exercises are excellent and could not be improved upon."

Madame Eve's address, by the way, is now 67, Jermyn Street, W., far more accessible to the majority than was Berners Street. It is equally important that the charge for the formula of the eye exercises sent through the post is three guineas, exclusive of a soothing lotion that is employed, this costing 2*s*. 9*d*. the bottle.

A DANCE OF "OULD OIRELAND"

One of the items at a Display of Dancing given by pupils of Miss Norah Dean at Anerley Town Hall on Saturday, April 10th. The performance was in aid of the Sunshine Home for Blind Babies

Peter Robinson's Summer Catalogue

SUMMER, perhaps more than any other season, brings with it the need for fresh and dainty garments. For home and social town life, summer clothes must be particularly attractive and immaculate, to meet the sunshine which can enhance pretty frocks, yet be a little unkind to shabby ones! As for holidays—buying clothes becomes not merely a necessity, but a romantic quest.

The catalogue, just issued by Peter Robinson's, illustrates examples of goods from nearly every department of the famous house. In addition to some of the gowns from the "Model" department, there are illustrations of many that cost well under £5—there are hats for the most important occasions, and hats for everyday—wrap coats, and jumpers, lingerie, shoes, hose, artificial flowers, from the neat little buttonhole for tailored suits to alluring shoulder-knots for evening wear—trimmings and handbags—in fact, all things complementary to the gown or suit.

And there is the desire to offer to customers—embodied in well-cut and well-made garments—materials that possess good wearing qualities, of excellent texture and design, at prices which are consistently reasonable — a policy that maintains Peter Robinson's reputation for sound value in "Everything for Everybody's Wear."

The Summer Catalogue will be sent on request.

A Summer Cruise

One of the most attractive ways of spending an August holiday this year will be to join the cruise which the Cunard liner "Carinthia" is to make to the Norwegian Fjords and Northern capitals. She will sail from Southampton on August 2nd and from Immingham on August 3rd, proceed to Norway and the Northern capitals, where shore excursions will be arranged, and then return via Scapa Flow and Oban, the cruise finishing at Liverpool. The "Carinthia" is a 20,000-ton vessel, fitted up with everything that can add to the comfort and enjoyment of her passengers, and the fares for this luxurious trip range from the very modest sum of £24.

FACE LIFTING

restores your contour and makes you 20 years younger

It is given by a famous Continental Specialist who has practised in London for the last 20 years.

He removes in one sitting, permanently and without pain, those lines, wrinkles and loose skin about the eyes, and from nose to mouth.

He restores to the face and neck its youthful contour by tightening the flabby tissues.

He beautifies the complexion.

He shapes the nose and ears into ideal form, and removes or corrects any facial blemish.

Let us show you the way to look from 15 to 20 years younger. We use no lotions, pomades, massage or make-up; our results are immediate and lasting. We charge absolutely nothing for advice—come and see how we do it and judge for yourself.

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THE BELGRAVE EASY CHAIR is made in Maple's own factories by British Labour. Covered in hide of the best quality and well sprung, top stuffing hair, and feather down cushion in velveteen - - - - **£10 - 10s**

The goods you need of every description may be found in greater abundance, in better taste, and at lower prices than can be found elsewhere

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TERMS OF DEFERRED PAYMENT BEST OBTAINABLE

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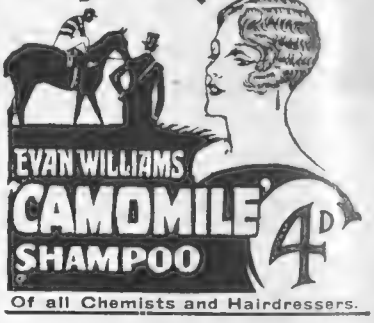
For fair Hair



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Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S PEDIGREE
AIREDALES
Best protection against burglars.
ABERDEENS, CAIRNS, WEST HIGHLAND, WIRE FOX, SEALYHAMS.
From 10 Gns., Pups 5 Gns.
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A Priceless Heritage

For generations mothers have been using Cuticura Preparations for all toilet purposes and have been teaching their daughters that daily use of them produces clear, smooth skin and healthy hair. They find the Soap pure and cleansing, the Ointment soothing and healing, should any irritations arise, and the Talcum an ideal toilet powder.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s.3d. and 2s.6d., Talcum 1s.3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

To Greet You!

Dear Miss Courvoisier
I have found the secret of perfect hands - Ess Viotto
Yours Muriel

2/6, 4/9, 6/9
PER BOTTLE

Ess Viotto
for the Hands

ESS VIOTTO SOAP is the most perfect Toilet Soap made. Price for box of 3 tablets - - - 2/-

If unobtainable from your usual retailer, order direct with remittance.

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CIGARS
Havana's Best

The name Punch on a box guarantees the contents to be the finest quality cigars procurable. Distinctive in character. With nearly one hundred years experience behind their manufacture and produced under the personal supervision of the proprietors Punch Cigars are truly Havana's Best.

To offer Punch Cigars to your guest is proof of your taste and a delicate compliment to his palate

PUNCH CORONA one of the thirtyone PUNCH sizes

OBTAINABLE FROM YOUR USUAL DEALER 49/6 PER BOX OF 25
PUNCH CIGARS

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4000 feet.
GRAND HOTEL VICTORIA
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Magnificent situation. Grandiose panorama. 200 beds. Tennis, Orchestra. English Church. Resident Doctor. Hydro attached to Hotel. R. BAEHL, Manager.

MENTON (Garavan) Hotel des Anglais
Sea Front with Garden and the Unique Pergola Restaurant above the Waves. Wonderful Views. Open all the Year. Sea Bathing. Tennis. Garage.
MENGE BROS. *New Proprietors.*

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Alpine and Lake Centre. 75 Resorts.
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STRICTLY FIRST CLASS
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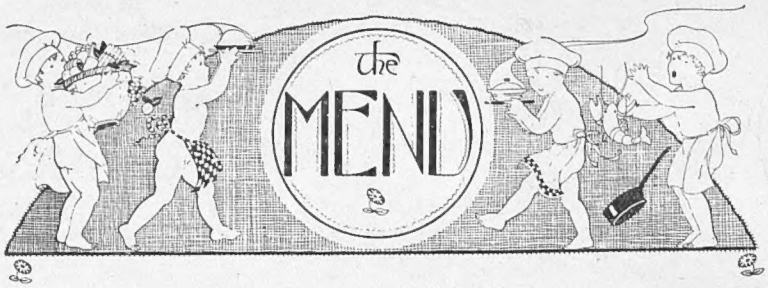

THE CAPABILITIES OF VEAL

CALF'S HEAD: SAUCE PIQUANTE.
CALF'S TONGUE WITH TOMATO SAUCE.
FRICANDEAU OF VEAL.
VEAL GOULASH.

Calf's Head—Sauce Piquante

TAKE half a calf's head, wash it and clean it well, remove the brains, and put them in a stewpan; cover with cold water, and add one carrot, one onion, two sticks of celery, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one gill of vinegar, and a dessertspoonful of salt. Skim well while boiling; let it simmer two hours, and serve with the following sauce: Two shallots, one onion, one carrot, four mushrooms, and one teaspoonful of parsley, all minced very fine and put into a stewpan with a gill of vinegar. Let all this boil till quite reduced, then add one pint of brown sauce, and pour this over the head. Roll up a few slices of bacon, and serve round alternately with slices of the tongue. The brains should be minced and cooked in a white sauce, and served separately.

Calf's Tongue with Tomato Sauce

Trim and scald the tongue, and leave it till cold; lard it with bacon, and then simmer it in a stewpan for four hours in stock seasoned with a *bouquet garni*—two carrots, two onions, and three cloves. When done split the tongue in half, skin it, and serve covered with Heinz's tomato sauce.

Fricandeau of Veal

Trim neatly a piece of fillet of veal, and, if possible, lard it with bacon on one side. Place in a stewpan a layer of slices of bacon, then some carrots and onions cut into slices, with a bunch of sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and spice to taste. Lay the veal in the middle and moisten it with a pint of stock. Let the meat stew gently for about three hours, basting the top occasionally. Then strain off the gravy, and put it into a small saucepan, skim off the fat, add to it a little butter mixed smoothly with a little flour, and let the gravy reduce nearly to a glaze. Pour over the meat and serve with a border of spinach.

Veal Goulash

Take about 1 lb. of veal, preferably fillet, remove all skin, and cut it into thin slices, then into dice. Peel and thinly slice a large onion, and fry it in a pan with an oz. of butter until of a pale colour. Now put in the meat, season with salt and pepper, and cook over the fire or gas for a few minutes. Dredge the meat with about a tablespoonful of flour. Mix well and moisten with a gill of stock and a glass of claret or white wine. Cover the pan and cook slowly for about an hour. Have ready two or three potatoes peeled and cut into cubes. Add these when the meat is half done. Dish up and serve hot with seakale or chicory.

EMILIA.

THE BYSTANDER

116-117, FLEET STREET, LONDON E.C.4. *Telephone: City 9472 (5 lines)*

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In all cases including postage

The Vain Jackdaw.

Æsop's Fables (No. 1)

The Jackdaw, desirous of being elected King of all the Birds, decked himself out in the raiment of his beautiful competitors hoping thereby to hide his own shortcomings, but he failed to deceive the discerning, who, plucking the borrowed plumes from his back, disclosed only a poor Jackdaw.

You need Army Club Tobacco as well as Army Club packing before you get Army Club Quality.

Refuse imitations of

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